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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Account of Koonawur, in the Himalaya, &c. By the late Capt. Alexander Gerard. Edited by George Lloyd. With a large Map. 8vo, pp. 335. London, Madden and Co.

THE country is already indebted to Mr. Lloyd and to his father, Sir. W. Lloyd, for their joint editing of Captain Alex. Gerard's *Narratives* above a year ago, and for a very interesting biographical sketch of the author. The indefatigable labours of the brothers Gerard to extend our geographical knowledge in the East were ably rescued from neglect by the editors, who added personal experience, acquired by travel in the same parts, to the other qualities of talent and judgment requisite for the work they had undertaken. The publication has consequently been highly esteemed both in India and at home; and the present valuable sequel to it will hardly be less so. Indeed, it serves to extend in an eminent degree our acquaintance with those mountain-ranges whence the great rivers of Asia pour their vast floods to fertilise the plains; and with the tribes of natives, who inhabit their wild passes and hardly accessible patches of cultivated soil.

"Koonawur, or Koorpa, is a tract of country belonging to Busehur, which lies on both banks of the Sutluj, from lat. $31^{\circ} 15'$ to $32^{\circ} 4'$, and from long. $77^{\circ} 50'$ to $78^{\circ} 50'$. It runs in a N.E. and S.W. direction; and the habitable part seldom exceeds eight miles in breadth. It is a secluded region, rugged and mountainous in an extraordinary degree. It is terminated on the N. and N.W. by mountains covered with perpetual snow, from 18,000 to 20,000 feet above the level of the sea, which separate it from Ludak, a large extent of country running along the banks of the Indus, from the vicinity of Garoo to the limits of Kashmir. A similar range of the Himalaya, almost equal in height, bounds it to the south; on the east it is divided from the elevated plains of Chinese Tartary by a lofty ridge, through which are several high passes; and on the west lies Dusow, one of the divisions of Busehur."

Its extent is about 2100 square miles: it consists of seven larger divisions or Khoonds, which are subdivided into lesser portions, named Ghoree; and the population is estimated to amount to somewhat under 10,000, or scarcely $4\frac{1}{2}$ to a square mile. Frowning and majestic mountains, rising in lofty peaks, and sudden ravines, and narrow valleys, form its aspect; the rivers are torrents; and the altitude of the whole towers from 10 or 11,000 to 22 or 23,000 feet above the level of the sea. The toil and danger of traversing these regions are almost appalling; where, amidst incessant exertion and exposure, the breath is worn away by the thin atmosphere, the limbs benumbed by the freezing winds, and the life threatened every hour by the thundering avalanches. Thus writes Captain Gerard in his journal:—

"When I crossed Manerung in August, I could not get all my people to move till past nine, notwithstanding what the guides said

about the danger of delay. We were on the rugged slope of the dell for more than two hours after noon, and there was a continued rattling of rocks almost the whole time; immense avalanches of snow descended, carrying with them many large stones and thousands of splinters, and some of my followers had very narrow escapes: twice I saw a considerable piece of rock pass with extreme velocity between two of them, not more than four feet asunder. It is the melting of the snow from the sun's rays that chiefly causes these avalanches; and during a shower of rain, the descent of the stones is just as frequent as I witnessed near Kimleea, where many fragments of great bulk, dislodged from above, tore up the path at no great distance from us. Large portions of rock fall yearly, and their effects are truly dreadful,—they commit the most horrid devastation, and even stop the channels of the largest rivers for weeks. An instance of this kind is still remembered by some of the inhabitants of Belaspoor. About fifty-five years since, forty or fifty miles above this town, an immense mountain gave way, filled the bed of the Sutluj, and arrested the passage of the stream for above six weeks: during this time the inhabitants were anxiously looking out for the bursting of the embankment; when it did give way, the rush of such an overwhelming body of water may be more easily conceived than described. People were stationed on the heights all along, from the place where the stream was stopped as far as Belaspoor; and they gave notice of the approach of the flood by firing matchlocks. The news arrived in time to save the inhabitants, but the whole of the town was swept away. Many people are destroyed by avalanches every year—only in February last no less than eight were buried under one: this took place near the fort of Hutoo, at a part comparatively safe to many I have seen in Koonawur. The cold likewise causes the stones to be precipitated from above. At night, when I have been encamped at Shatool and Boorendo, where the thermometer was many degrees below the freezing point, I have been kept awake for hours by the continued falling of rocks—no doubt split in pieces by the frost. The craggy side of the glen is full of danger in every shape. You have now and then to cut steps with a hatchet in the snow-beds, which are inclined at such an angle that a single slip would be destruction. I have often hesitated at such places; and many of my people preferred going round half a mile to avoid them. It was not so with the guides, who never stopped a moment; and they were so expert at cutting the steps, that, although I followed them close, they had frequently finished their work, and were at the other side of the ravine before I got half way. Those people, trusting to their activity, persisted in making the steps at such an inconvenient distance from each other, that it was necessary to strain every muscle to reach them. It is here, also, that the road now and then skirts the icy margin of a deep blue lake, where it requires great labour and time to make any kind of a path, which at best is very unsafe from the declivity and slippery-

ness. The guides, if possible, always avoid the lakes by a long circuit, or by scrambling over the sharpest-pointed rocks."

The following relates to a curious custom observable in Koonawur:—

"At all the elevated passes there are a number of square piles of stones, called Shughar, upon which passengers usually place a piece of quartz, or attach rags to poles, which are fixed in the middle: there are also several shughars on the neighbouring heights, sacred to the deotas, or spirits of the mountains, who are supposed to inhabit the loftiest and most inaccessible points, especially where there is much snow. The shughars at the passes are erected by travellers; but those on the higher peaks are commonly made at the expense of some wealthy pilgrim not much accustomed to the mountains, who has succeeded in crossing a pass, which is reckoned an arduous undertaking by an inhabitant of the plains. When my brother and I stopped at Boorendo, in October 1818, the guides requested us to give them some money for the construction of two shughars to propitiate the genii of the place, otherwise we should undoubtedly perish from cold, since it was a thing unheard of to halt at such a height. We might, perhaps, have indulged them, had we not thought we should have had many demands of the same kind. We likewise wished to shew them the possibility of remaining a night at the pass without paying attention to their idle superstitions: they, however, contrived to inspire our followers with such terror, that even our Mahomedan servants built two shughars, and adorned them with pieces of cloth. At some of the passes, where the ground was entirely concealed by snow of a great depth, we were surprised to find it completely covered with a kind of gnats, resembling a musquitoe: they were in a state of torpidity, and at first we thought them dead; but breathing upon them caused them to jump about, and the sunshine revived them."

The seasons and climate are truly strange; for we are told—

"The climate of Koonawur is as varied as the face of the country; and a person may experience every change, from the heat of the torrid zone almost to the frozen temperature of a Lapland winter. I had once a transition from 33° to 109° of Fahrenheit, in a distance of thirteen or fourteen miles; and this occurred nearly at the same times of the day at both places. Had it been from sunrise at the highest, till 1 or 2 p.m. at the lowest station, the difference would have been 10° or 15° more. The growth of plants depends upon situation and the summer temperature, and not the absolute altitude of the place: thus, near the outer Himalaya, which is partly under the influence of the periodical rains, at villages only 8000 feet above the level of the sea, which are considerably removed from the bed of a large river, there is only one harvest; but in the interior there are two crops upon the same ground, even at 10,000 feet, if the spot be in a valley surrounded by mountains that do not conceal the sun too long. In the former places the temperature is much more uniform

than at the latter, where the summer is sultry, and the winter extremely cold. From 8000 to 10,000 feet, in favourable situations, such as Murung, Soongnum, Chango, and Leoo, the temperature of July and August is from 68° to 72°, and the October temperature is about 50°; at 12,000 feet, the summer temperature, from a few observations, appears to be from 59° to 64°, and in October it is 3° or 4° below 40°; but at this time the thermometer, at sunrise, is from 20° to 28°. Generally speaking, the spring months are March, April, and May, in which there is a good deal of rain; but at 12,000 and 13,000 feet there can be scarcely said to be any spring, as the grains are seldom sown till the end of April; they, however, sprout up with astonishing rapidity, and are even cut in August; but there is no time for a second crop at these elevations, as the frost is severe in the beginning of October. June, July, and part of August, form the summer; and the latter end of August, September, and October, are the autumn months, according to the height. Snow always falls in November, if not sooner; it commonly lies till April, and sometimes even longer. In the interior, at 9000 and 10,000 feet, snow is scarcely ever above a foot in depth; and at 12,000, it is very rarely two feet, although, nearer the outer range, four or five feet are usual at heights of 7000 or 8000 feet. In these last places there is rain in July, August, and September; but it is not near so heavy as in the lower hills. When Hindoostan is deluged for three months, the upper parts of Koonawur are refreshed by partial light showers; and, with the exception of the valley of the Buspa, the periodical rains do not extend farther to the eastward than long. 77°. In these months, the few clouds that pass over the Himalaya are attracted by the lofty mountains, and form a pretty regular belt at 16,000 and 18,000 feet, above which the chain of snowy summits protrudes its sharp points. In summer, from the reverberation of the solar rays, the heat in the bed of the Sutluj, and other large streams, is oppressive, and quite sufficient to bring to maturity grapes of a delicious flavour, of which raisins, and two kinds of spirituous liquor, are made; in July and August, even at the highest places, the sun's force is powerful; at 16,000 and 18,000 feet we always found an umbrella necessary; and at Neebrung Pass, the thermometer, lying on the ground for a few minutes, rose to 105° in the sun, although the temperature of the wind at the same time was only 33°. The winter is often rigorous; and in some parts there is scarcely any moving out of the villages from the quantity of snow. The winds blow with the greatest violence in October and later in the year: their direction is, of course, influenced by the valleys; but, on peaks upwards of 20,000 feet, off which I have seen the snow drifted in showers for days together, and at heights of 16,000 feet, the winds were always from the W. or S.W. They are so prevalent from these quarters, that, on the way to the high passes, the enclosures for the cattle, which occur at each stage, and are erected of loose stones, have always the western side highest: at this season the wind is perfectly devoid of moisture, and its extreme aridity is such, that it parches up every thing exposed to it, and the boards of our books were more bent than I ever remember seeing them during the hottest weather in the plains of India. The winds are generally at their highest between two and three p.m., and so great is the fury, that a person on an exposed place can keep his footing only with the utmost difficulty. Even when the

thermometer was 4° above freezing point, so rapidly was the heat withdrawn, that standing five or ten minutes in the draft, I have had my hands so benumbed with cold, that I could not use them for a couple of hours afterwards. The inhabitants know this well; and when we crossed passes of 14,000 and 15,000 feet in the end of October, the guides were always eager that we should start at sunrise, or soon after, although the temperature was below freezing, on purpose that we might reach the highest places before the wind had attained its utmost force. * * * The domestic animals are horses, cows, sheep, goats, asses, mules, hogs, dogs, and cats. In the higher parts cows are rare, and their place is supplied by the Yak of Tartary, described by Captain Turner; the male is called Yak, Yag, or Yakh, and the female Breemo; the produce between them and the cow is common, the male being named Zo or Zofu, and the female Zomo. The Yaks are strong and hardy, and like cold places: they are mostly used in the plough, but are also employed in carrying burdens. They are often extremely vicious; and I have more than once seen one put to flight all the inhabitants of a village, who were obliged to take refuge on the tops of the houses. The cross breed is much more docile. The fleece of the sheep is fine, and makes comfortable blankets; and that of the goats, especially in Hungrung, approaches towards the shawl-wool, but there is scarcely any of it. The dogs are of a large ferocious breed, resembling wild beasts in their nature; they are covered with black wool, and are very averse to strangers, whom they often bite and tear in a most shocking manner: they are generally chained during the day, otherwise it would be dangerous to approach a village. The fleece, especially of the young ones, is almost equal to shawl-wool."

We have not space to point out the interesting information relative to the limits of vegetation and animal life, nor to the accurate observations of heights, distances, &c., &c., to which the lamented author devoted his zealous attention. The volume is of much value in all these particulars; but we can only mark the general features of the description, and they are finely delineated.

"The upper parts of Koonawur, especially Hungrung, together with Chinese Tartary and Ludak, are arid in the extreme, and present a scene of desolation scarcely to be credited, unless by a person who has visited the country. The mountains are either granite, limestone, or claystone of a crumbling nature, forming gradual swellings of gravel, and very rarely ending in peaks. What a striking contrast there is between this extraordinary country and the lower tracts! Here seems to reign perpetual solitude, never disturbed by the crash of falling rocks. There is no stupendous scenery to attract the eye of the traveller; no bold crags, nor dusky woods of waving pines; no finely shaded grottos, nor romantic valleys flanked by mural ramparts of granite, and scarcely a vestige of culture;—all is a frightful extent of barrenness, with no interesting object to diversify the scene. Elevated plains and undulating hills extend as far as the eye can reach; and in Tartary a person may travel for many days without meeting with a habitation. A solitary village, with a few scanty fields of wheat, barley, and oza, fenced with gooseberries, and some poplars that are planted for the sake of their leaves, which are given to cattle; or, what is more common, an encampment of Tartar shepherds, with their black tents and flocks,—but seldom interrupts the

prospect; all else is a dreary waste, without a single tree, or even bush above a few inches in height. Beds of several sorts of prickly shrubs, like furze, vegetate here and there, which give some parts of the country the appearance of a Highland heath, and strongly remind a Scotchman of his native land. In summer, the yellow bloom of the furze partially enlivens the view; but in October every particle of vegetation is parched up, the leaves of the plants are reduced to powder, and the naked stalks, which are perfectly black, look as having been burnt with fire; the earth is often rent into small fissures, and no verdure is seen: there is something melancholy in beholding such an expanse of arid country, which is peculiarly striking from the degree of sameness it exhibits. I can never forget these scenes, which have made a greater impression on my mind than the loftiest towering points and snow-clad summits. In traversing these wilds, where no abrupt peaks, wooded mountains, nor tumbling cataracts vary the prospect, the traveller feels an indescribable sensation of solitude, which perpetually haunts his imagination, and he thinks himself forsaken and forlorn. In October the chilling winds, entirely destitute of moisture, blow with irresistible fury and a horrid howling over the bleak mountains, filling the eyes with dust, drying up every thing exposed to their force, and freezing to death the unfortunate traveller who happens to be benighted on the lofty heights.* In some places, 3,000 and 4,000 feet above the beds of rivers, the face of the country has the appearance of having been under water; there are heaps of rubble, decomposed felspar, and pebbles imbedded in clay and limestone. I never met with shells of any kind, but found ammonites at 16,300 feet."

Again: "The transparency of the air on lofty spots at mid-day is remarkably beautiful: it is of the deepest azure, and blacker even than the darkest night. The sun appears like a radiant orb of fire, without the least haze; and the moon, which I have often seen rise, did not enlighten the atmosphere; and the direction where we expected her could scarcely be distinguished until her limb came in contact with the horizon. At night, when I was employed in making astronomical observations—which was rather an uncomfortable occupation at a temperature of 18° and 20° of Fahrenheit—the stars shone with the greatest brilliancy; and those of the galaxy could almost be counted. When I was encamped at 16,200 feet, the gilded summits of the elevated chain that trends along the left banks of the Indus had a very grand appearance: a few streaked clouds hung about them, which, being illuminated by the rays of

* "It is well known that cold alone does not cause death; for a person can endure it in a very great degree, if unaccompanied by wind. At 3 p.m. I have seen the thermometer 22° below the freezing point at 18,700 feet, yet the cold was not very disagreeable; at another time the temperature was 4° above 32, but the wind was so very strong, that after standing ten minutes in the breeze, I was almost frozen, and could not use a pen for two hours afterward, from the numbness of my hands. In September 1820, my brother James lost two of his servants in crossing Shatool Pass; and this arose from the violence of the wind, for 1 afterwards saw the body of one, not above 13,300 feet: when he died, which was at 1 or 2 p.m., the temperature could not have been below freezing, as it was 27° in the crest of the pass, 2,260 feet higher, about the same time of the day; the wind, however, was very violent. In December of the same year one of my servants perished at 7,000 or 8,000 feet; the thermometer then was 5° below the freezing point, but the wind drifted the snow with as much fury as any hurricane I ever saw in Scotland. At this time my brother James and myself made a march of twelve miles; and the people with the baggage ran almost the whole way, being well aware of the danger of delay."

the rising sun, shewed a beautiful diversity of colours, vying in splendour with the most vivid rainbow, and surpassing in lustre the brightest burnished gold."

We have but room for one notice more. The religion of the country is Lama, and the people are very superstitious. The subjoined extracts, though disconnected, indicate the leading points.

"The Lamas in Koonawur are of three sects, Gelooapa, Dookpa, and Neengma; but I could not hear of that called Shammar by Captain Turner. The Gelooapas, or Gelookpas, are reckoned the highest, since the heads of their religion at Teshoo Loomboo and Labassa are of the same sect. They wear yellow cloth garments, and caps of the same of various shapes. The Dookpas are dressed indifferently, but have red caps; and the Neengmas wear the same, or go bare-headed: the two former do not marry, but there is no restriction on the Neengmas. The Lamas admit proselytes at all ages; and any person can become a Dookpa, Gelooapa, or Neengma, at his pleasure. They are commonly initiated at the age of seven or ten; and the chief Gelong of Kanum said he would admit me, although I came from a different country. All the Lamas can read and write, and I never saw one who did not instantly recognise the few sentences in Captain Turner's *Thibet*. In the upper parts of Koonawur, it is common for one person from each house to be educated to the church, which is likewise the case in Thibet. The Lamas wear necklaces of two sorts of beads, *raksha* and *tha*, the seed of some plant; these necklaces contain one hundred and eight beads, which is reckoned a sacred number. There are two other sects peculiar to Chinese Tartary, Sakeea, who wear red, and Deegooma, yellow caps. The Lamas assemble in their temples twice or thrice a day to perform worship, which they accompany with a band of musical instruments. The Gelongs, monks, and Chomos, or Anees, nuns, are the heads of the Lamas, and have nothing to do with worldly concerns, but employ themselves in chanting hymns, and writing and printing sacred sentences from blocks of wood. The nuns pass most of their time in reading, and do not write so much as the Gelongs. The Lamas and Gelongs, who profess celibacy, reside in a monastery called Ghonpa, or Goomba, and the nuns in a convent named Chomoling; these usually form distinct divisions, and are apart from the other houses of a village. * * * The nuns are clothed in red, and have hats, like our round ones, of yellow trimmed with red. Neither the Gelongs nor nuns smoke tobacco, although the Lamas do; neither of them drink spirituous liquors. You scarcely ever see a Gelong but he is singing. If you ask a question, he answers it, but immediately resumes his song, which is generally the favourite invocation, 'Oom mane paemee oom,' as Captain Turner spells it; but the last word is here pronounced 'hoong.' I have often conversed with Gelongs, but had not so much communication with the nuns, who are generally reserved, shy, and seldom leave their convents; although I have constantly observed them staring, laughing, and making signs to me from their balconies. * * * The Grand Lama of Labassa, called Geabong Rimboche, who resides in Potala, is the chief pontiff of all the Lamas. The monastery of Potala is reckoned by the pilgrims in this quarter to be the most magnificent and splendid place that can be conceived; and the greater part of them have an idea that no building in the whole world can rival it in the multitude of costly edifices and

gaudy ornaments. The next in succession to the Grand Lama of Labassa is Puchin-Rimboche, of Teshoo-Loomboo; and the third in order is Lochawa-Rimboche. These three personages are all of the Gelooapa sect, and are never supposed to die, but, on the dissolution of the body, the spirit is thought to take possession of another tenement."

Further intelligence of much interest will be found in every part of this volume, which we cordially recommend, in connexion with Mr. and Sir W. Lloyd's former publication.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. By Lord Byron. 8vo, pp. 320. J. Murray.

THE turns in publishing are something like fashions in dress,—very odd, and not easy to be accounted for. At one time they are tight, at another loose; now all length, and now all brevity. Necks are high, and trains are sweeping (as in our present ugly female costume); or the bust is modestly veiled, and the lower garments neatly befitting locomotive creatures, who are neither gummy, bandy, nor baker-shinned.

So with bookselling. The rage is, for a season, all for cheapness; and again there is a relapse into luxury. Whity-brown paper, dingy ink, miserable cuts, bindings which do not hold, and wretched compilations full of incorrect printing, at one time form the mass of the trade; but anon there is a revival of literature and taste, and you have Dickenson's beautiful manufacture, ink black as an Ethiopian's eye, splendid engravings, strong and elegant binding, sterling works, and careful typography.

Without disparaging the inferior style (for in some respects it has its usefulness), every lover of letters must rejoice in the companionship, at least, of the better classes of publication. An essay might be written upon the injurious effects which must ensue, were the former entirely to prevail; but it may suffice here to observe, that it must destroy good authorship—must create a sort of wholesale manufacture of spurious and worthless articles, instead of a selected choice of what are truly valuable; and open competition in the lowest quarters, where there are neither capital, judgment, nor character, to the gradual extinction of responsible, experienced, and respectable dealing.

The rage for pennyworths of learning (not worth the penny) has already much declined; but still there is a vast stock of it in the market; and it will, no doubt, maintain itself for a time, though, it is to be hoped, in an improved state. Meanwhile, a fancy for splendidly and beautifully illustrated works has sprung up to a greater extent than heretofore, and republications of esteemed authors are appearing from many quarters, got up in a style of profuse embellishment, which makes Text hardly the handmaiden to Picture, and subserves Literature in a very great degree to Art. We have of late noticed several of such productions; and at the period of the usual Annual influx, shall, no doubt, have to review many more; and we hear of others, such as Cowper,* Thomson, &c., with superb embellishments, which are either yet unpublished, or we have not seen. But among the most conspicuous, coming from Mr. Murray too, just after his unrivalled edition of Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads*, we have now to direct attention to the issue of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* in a shape of very luxurious captivation. Besides paper of cream and

* Cowper, in two handsome volumes, has since reached us.

printing of jet, the brothers Finden have expended all their talent, skill, and feeling, upon a number of not fewer than sixty-two subjects of appropriate and delicious art. The frontispiece gives us Byron in his picturesque Albanian dress, after Phillips; and the volume is closed by a map of his travels, surrounded by an arabesque border, which refers, with great taste, to his travels in various parts of the world, and the sites of striking incidents in his poetical descriptions. Between the title-page and this happy conclusion are the works of Aubrey, Aylmer, Creswick, Howse, and Warren, ranging from the softest charms of landscape to the imposing in architecture and scenery, and the spirited and fearful in animal and human action.

The volume is altogether one of rare excellence, with which only a few of our most expensive publications can in any degree compare.

Friendship's Offering, and Winter's Wreath, 1842. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE *Winter's Wreath* for this season has flowered and flourished under the superintending care of Mr. Leitch Ritchie; and an able gardener has proved himself to be. The *Friendship's Offering* is indeed worthy of its best days for value and variety of literature. The contributions in poetry are, we think, above the general level; and the prose articles are all of an interesting and pleasing description. Besides the Editor, in himself a host, he has associated Lady Blessington, Mrs. Norton, poor Lady Wyatt (in a melancholy dirge*), Miss M. A. Browne, Lady E. S. Wortley, Mrs. Bray, and a cluster of other lady-friends, enough to inflame the curiosity of all the male reading world: we shall therefore say nothing of Barry Cornwall and the men; except that J. R. of Christ Church, Oxford, has redeemed his promise of genius by some deep-toned poetry. From one of his pieces we select a proof.

"The Hills of Carrara.

Amidst a vale of springing leaves,
Where spreads the vine its wandering root,
And cumbrous fall the autumnal sheaves;
And olives shed their sable fruit;
And gentle winds, and waters never mute,
Make of young boughs and pebbles pure
One universal lute;
And bright birds, through the myrtle copse obscure,
Pierce with quick notes, and plumage dipped in dew,
The silence and the shade of each hulled avenue,—
Far in the depths of voiceless skies,
Where calm and cold the stars are strew'd,
The peaks of pale Carrara rise.
Not sound of storm, nor whirlwind rude,
Can break their chill of marble solitude;

* We add it here; it is a sad and touching contrast to the lively sallies with which our *Annals* were wont to be adorned by its author.—Ed. L. G.

"The Invalid to her Mother.

Tell sickness, with his iron hand,
Points out to me 'the better land';
Resigned, I would not watch the sand,
But for one wish its ebb to stand—
The thought that I shall pain thee!

If friends applaud my mind's firm tone
And spirit calm, 'tis scarce my own;
For I repress sigh, tear, or moan,
By love's all-powerful aid alone,
The thought that I might pain thee!

Farewell the harp I've played to thee,
The paths where I have strayed with thee,
The pencil I have swayed for thee.
The book whence I have prayed with thee,
Which taught me ne'er to pain thee!

When this fond heart shall move no more,
Count not its hasty feelings o'er,
Its clinging love let thought restore;
Till, soothed, you'll gently hear deplore,
Who'd rather die than pain thee!

The crimson lightnings round their crest
May hold their fiery feud—
They hear not, nor reply; their chasmed rest
No flower decks, nor herbage green, nor breath
Of moving thing can change their atmosphere of death.

But far beneath, in folded sleep,
Faint forms of heavenly life are laid,
With pale brows and soft eyes, that keep
Sweet peace of unawakened shade,
Whose wreathed limbs, in robes of rock arrayed,
Fall like white waves on human thought,
In faint dreams displayed;

Deep through their secret homes of slumber sought,
They rise immortal, children of the day,
Gleaming with godlike forms on earth and her decay.

Yes, where the bud hath brightest germ,
And broad the golden blossoms glow,
There glides the snake, and works the worm,
And black the earth is laid below.

Ah! think not thou the souls of men to know
By outward smiles in wildness worn;
The words that jest at woe
Spring not less lightly, though the heart be torn—
The mocking heart, the scarcely dares confess
Even to itself, the strength of its own bitterness.

Nor deem that they, whose words are cold,
Whose brows are dark, have hearts of steel;
The couchant strength, untraced, untold,
Of thoughts they keep, and throbs they feel,
May need an answering music to unseal:
Who knows what waves may stir the silent sea,
Beneath the low appeal
From distant shores, of winds unfelt by thee?
What sounds may wake within the winding shell,
Responsive to the charm of those who touch it well!"

A few sweet lines by Miss Marguerite Power
seem to shew that affinity is contagious, and
that talent, like fever, is apt to communicate
itself to those around it, who, as the doctors
say, are predisposed.

"When first we met, that rosy lip
A kindly welcome smiled upon me;
But yet 'twas not that sunny smile,
Though bright as opening day, that won me.
When first we parted, on thy lid
I saw a glistening tear-drop quiver;
It formed within my heart a spring;
Of love, that flows to thee for ever."

With one other poem, by Miss M. A. Browne,
we heartily recommend this volume to those
who love to make happy by giving Christmas
gifts,—though it is a sad theme.

"The Letter to the Dead.

It is the midnight-hour—
The house is hush'd and still—
The bell o' the old church-tower
Sounds loudly o'er the hill;
Yet one pale taper's light
Sheds radiance on the night;
And while around her elder eyes are sleeping,
A young and lovely maid a lone love-watch is keeping.

A love-watch, yet alone,
No other form is there;
Her lips breathe no soft tone
Unto the silent air;
Before her lies the scroll
Where she hath pour'd her soul,
Trusting, though seas their aching bosoms part,
That her belov'd shall read the record of her heart.

Her cheek is on her hand—
Her fingers press her brow;
And in his distant land
Her thoughts are busy now:
She's on the desert plain—
She's by the ancient flame;
She's with him on the lake's pure star-lit wave;
But never 'neath the tree that shades his nameless
grave.

She sees his glossy hair,
That the spicy asphyr stirs;
His own blue eyes are there;
And fondly fix'd on hers!
No image doth she see
Of dark reality,
Nor dreams how cold the eye—how stiff the brow
On which her memory dwells delighted now.

And little doth she dream
Of that fond letter's fate;
How he, who is its theme,
Hath left her desolate;
How every burning word,
So passionately pour'd
For him, and him alone on earth, shall be
Subject to cold and formal scrutiny!

She trusts that it shall lie
Close to his throbbing heart,
And with a happy sigh,
Will see that scroll depart;
Envy its pathway dim
Across the seas to him;
Nor feeling that each hour it draweth near
An eye that cannot read—a heart it cannot cheer!

It will return again,
By his cold lips unpressed,
Nor will its folds have lain
Within his icy breast.
How will its coming wring
The heart that was its spring!
The heart, that had no dim, foreboding pain,
That its outgushing love was written there in vain!"

The Mabinogion: from the Llyfr Coch o Hergest, and other ancient Welsh Manuscripts; with an English Translation and Notes. By Lady Charlotte Guest. Part III., containing *Geraint the Son of Erbin*. London, 1840. Longman and Co.; Llandovery, Rees.

Twice already has the pleasant duty devolved upon us, of expressing our most cordial commendation of the patriotic task which the noble and accomplished lady who edits the work before us has imposed upon herself, and of the ability, learning, and good taste, with which she has performed it.*

Having in our preceding notices of this interesting contribution towards that great desideratum, a history of fiction, entered at some length into a consideration of the value and importance of these curious relics of bygone times; which, after remaining for so long a period as sealed books to the literary antiquary and lovers of romance, are, thanks to the learning, industry, and liberality of Lady Charlotte Guest, at length being rendered accessible to all inquirers,—we may content ourselves with saying, that the work proceeds with undiminished interest, and exhibits in its illustrative notes those same qualifications for the task she has undertaken, which have already secured for its fair editor so distinguished a reputation.

The part before us (which a series of "unto-ward" circumstances has hitherto prevented us from noticing) contains much curious illustration, accompanied by numerous facsimiles admirably executed, of the literary history of *Peredur*, printed in the second part of the *Mabinogion*; and of which the subject is the same with that of the French romance of *Perceval le Gallois*, which exists not only in prose, but in a metrical form, the latter being from the pen of the well-known Chrestien de Troyes. How great was the popularity of this story, and how untiring have been the pains which Lady Charlotte Guest has taken, in order that she might render her work complete, is shewn by the fact, that the part before us contains not only an analysis of Chrestien's poem, and of the French prose version to which we have referred, but also an abstract of the English metrical romance of *Perceval*, preserved in the Lincoln MS., and notices of the German version by Wolfram von Eschenbach, and of the Icelandic Saga upon the same subject.

The history of the story of *Peredur* being thus completed, we are next presented with that of *Geraint the Son of Erbin*, in the original Welsh, and in an English translation from the pen of the editor. This story, which, like its predecessors, belongs to the Arthurian cycle of romance, is of equal interest with the rest, and exhibits similar characteristics of the state of society and mode of thinking which obtained at the period of its composition; like the others,

too, has its connexion with the romantic literature of France and Germany been made manifest, by an abstract of the French romance of *Eric et Enide*, likewise by Chrestien de Troyes, now preparing for the press by an eminent French antiquary; and of the German version of that romance by the well-known Hartman von der Aue, which was printed at Leipsic in 1839 under the editorship of that accomplished scholar Moriz Haupt.

We have, — in our present notice of the patriotic endeavours of Lady Charlotte Guest, to rescue from oblivion, or, rather, to direct the attention of the learned to these valuable monuments of the early literature of the Cymry, — not cared to bring forward in our columns specimens of the tales themselves, since no extracts could be made from them in a manner to do justice to their peculiar merit; but we have rather, by pointing out their literary history as developed by the editor, sought so to stimulate the curiosity of the reader, as to make him examine for himself these contemporary pictures of times long past away — these "novels of an age that knew of none."

While on this subject, let us add, what we are sure will be gratifying to all lovers of these early fictions, that the Camden Society propose to publish, under the editorship of Sir Frederick Madden, a "Collection of Latin Romance Narratives and Legends of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries, relating to King Arthur, and other Heroes of the Welsh and Breton cycle of Romance." The volume is in itself one of such high promise, and the skill and learning of its editor so universally admitted, that, among the many important works undertaken by that society, there are few, we think, whose appearance will be looked for with greater anxiety, or which will more fully realise the expectations which its announcement cannot fail to excite.

It has long been a matter of reproach to the scholars and wealthy families of the Principality, that so little of the early literature of the Britons has been committed to the press. The ground for that reproach is now fast passing away. The Welsh MSS. Society is about to publish, we believe almost immediately, the *Llyfr Teilo*, the ancient register of the Cathedral Church of Llandaff, with an English translation and explanatory notes by the Rev. W. J. Rees; and a translation of Honest Owen Jones' *Myvyrian Archaeology of Wales*, by the accomplished rector of the Edinburgh Academy, the Archdeacon of Cardigan. These are good signs; and if the patriotic spirit which prompts their publication is properly responded to by the public, no small share of the credit of awakening the attention of the public to the subject must be awarded to the accomplished lady, whose services in the cause of the literature of her adopted country lately drew from the learned Bishop of St. David's the following eloquent eulogium:—

"I hold every literature to be valuable," said his lordship in his speech at the Aberavenny Cymreigyddion meeting, "which springs from the heart of a people, and is connected with their warmest feelings; and I am inclined to believe that there must be some particular charm in that literature which has found such grace in ladies' eyes, as to attract those of one (Lady Charlotte Guest) who is surrounded by so many other objects to court her attention, and to spend a part of their leisure in tracing the characters of half-faded manuscripts in order to produce them for our instruction and amusement in the most elegant form. And I may surely venture to say, that if the Elzevira,

* See *Literary Gazette*, No. 1144, for December 22, 1838, and No. 1189, for October 26, 1839.

Bodonis, and Didots, must hide their diminished heads before our Llandovery printer, we may challenge a comparison with all the learned ladies who have adorned the literature of Europe, for her, whose work his labours have contributed to embellish."

Fragments of Italy and the Rhineland. By the Rev. T. H. White, M.A. 8vo, pp. 469. Pickering, 1841.

WHAT can be said new of Italy and the Rhineland, and more especially of the over-and-over-again trodden path which Mr. White has pursued? It has been observed, and truly too, that if every man who travels would take the trouble to write down immediately his first and fresh impressions of what he daily sees, it must, to a considerable extent, produce an amusing work; and to this credit the author of the present tour is at any rate entitled. Not having any thing of novelty about it, there is yet a freshness in the remarks, mixed with a traveller's enthusiasm, on what he sees, that redeems it from commonplace, if it does not elevate it to the higher class of works on the same subject which have preceded it. The phraseology is at times almost poetical; and Mr. White in his preface candidly says,—

"Most people, in productions of this cast, appear as eager in disclaiming 'the flowery,' as if the green and gilded snake did actually lurk amidst the foliage, fruits, and blossoms of that much-abused style. I may therefore as well speak out at once, and confess that I rather like it; fortifying myself in the meantime in this predilection, by reflecting, that there must be a sculptor for the volute or acanthus of the capital, as well as an architect for the symmetrical strength of the shaft. At all events, I have ridden my hobby-horse; and, although it may seem much to expect, that the world will mount him the moment I have alighted, still, if the world is graciously pleased to vault into the saddle, and finds that I have not ridden the beast to death, all I can say is, it will greatly elevate my opinion of both."

One fault which we have to find with the work is, that it is nearly wholly composed of the author's opinions or descriptions of works of art, which,

"To such as see them not, his words are weak."

We have no graphic accounts (or any other) of the writer's journey; and with the exception of being once too late for a steam-packet, and a short impersonification of his gondolier, there is nothing of personal adventure or narrative to interest us, from one end of the book to the other. This omission may be pleasing to some, but we confess such accounts, when well given, seem to us to add that life and reality to a work, which we look for in vain in laudatory sentences upon a picture or a statue, or descriptions, however *flowery*, of a bower, or a grove of trees.

As a sample of Mr. White's style, we give an extract from his sojourn at Venice,—a place which, by the by, takes up an unconscionably large portion of the book, occupying 132 pages; while Naples is dismissed in 4, and even Rome itself is allowed only 70.

"There is one circumstance that peculiarly annoys me in Venice. She has more than all of that sovereign loveliness I had expected to behold in the witch of the Adriatic, the marvellous, the mysterious, and the terrible; but the substance has totally superseded the shadow. I cannot realise a single image of romantic beauty, or romantic horror, with which she has colonised my brain from the childish hour when

I first heard her name. People are apt to talk much of poetical association, and the master-spell of locality in realising romance. I, too, am for the most part highly susceptible of its influence, but never less so than in Venice. I find it utterly impossible to animate her watery streets and floating palaces with the personages of Shakespeare, Otway, and Radcliffe. Even the high vision of Byron has bequeathed but a fugitive stamp of his illustrious presence to the Mocenigo Palace. For my own part, harboured in a comfortable hostel, with my travelling writing-desk, little library, and lots of flowers about me, I feel exactly as if I had lived in Venice all my life. Can this be that far-famed city, the scene of those enchanting Udolphian moonlights, of Belvidera's tender heroism, and Desdemona's elopement with the Moor? I could as easily fancy it in the Gorbals! What has bewitched me, that I should be 'so dull, so dead in heart, so faint, so spiritless,' such a rebel, such a traitor to romance, in this the mother-city of her dominions? Why, the actual cause of this unchivalrous revolt of fancy I take to be this: in Venice fancy becomes trammelled by fact. Fact has pitched her pavilions, and built her adamantine castles, over all of land and sea that calls itself Venice. She has positively left no space for imagination; or if imagination does attempt to luxuriate here, truth, enthusiastic, terrific truth, confronts it every where with her brazen shield, and proclaims herself the stronger. Muffled as she was in the red mantle of her mystery, Venice always betrayed her demon lineaments too decidedly to admit of conjecture. In Venice every-day life was romance, the wildest fiction reality, and the tablets of her chronicles a tragic drama. Tell me of your Shylocks, and Jaffiers, and Othellos,—when such names as Ziani, Dandolo, Morosini, Carmagnola, Foscari, Faliero, and the Carraras, are branded upon her dungeons, graven on the florid façades of her palaces, or illuminated to all time in her glorious canvass! Oh, no! Venice is so terribly matter of fact, that poetical association, by the side of her superlative prose, becomes an absolute mirage; and any attempt on our part to invoke from the sepulchres of departed genius their imaginary creations, among scenes so thickly haunted by the spectres of history, proves (in my case at least) as abortive as to persuade ourselves that we behold the green fields and village-spires of England beneath the morasses of the Lagoons."

The Parlour Window; or, Anecdotes, Original Remarks on Books, &c. By the Rev. Edward Mangin, author of "Pleasures arising from a Love of Books." 12mo. pp. 179. London, 1841. Lumley.

If the author is a bookworm, it is well that he should worm something worth repeating out of books. He has done so in this little miscellany, which has some pleasing parts, though the extreme Romanism of the author rather leads him into ferocious language and ultra opinions. What will Protestant or impartial readers think of this criticism on Shakespeare?—

"The historians of Henry VII.'s day destroyed nearly all the records of Richard, in order to cultivate the good-will of their master; and the more to flatter the reigning sovereign, represented his opponent as crooked, wicked, tyrannical, &c. And Shakespeare, like a fawning poet, follows in the cry, that he might please that old, capricious, bloody, and gross-minded coquette, Queen Elizabeth; and

indirectly compliment her father, Henry VIII., whose illegitimate daughter she was; and who was himself the most execrable scoundrel that ever sat upon a throne. We know their deeds! There cannot be a doubt that Richard was, in some points, basely calumniated."

A piece of the great Irish rebellion of 1798 may be read with instruction at this time. Mr. M. seems to have known a good deal about it. After the defeat of the French and rebels by General Lake, he states:—

"Several leaders of the insurgents were made prisoners, and hung to the limb of a tree, in the course of the forenoon. Among them were two gentlemen, a Mr. O'Dowd, and Mr. George Blake, called Blake of Garraclune. With the last named I had been acquainted in Galway. Just before he suffered, he expressed a desire to speak to me, and gave me a message for a member of his family, to whom he commissioned me to relate his dismal end. I found him guarded by soldiers; he was without a hat, and, in his endeavours to escape, had divested himself of his coat and boots. He was bleeding from a sabre-cut in one hand, and appeared exhausted, but not dismayed; conversed almost cheerfully about several individuals whom we had mutually known; and, bidding me farewell, turned from me, walking steadily to the adjoining place of execution, and I saw him no more. Seven or eight others were put to death with him; and it was reported, with what truth I cannot say, that the sufferers being crowded as they were ranged under the fatal tree, Blake, assuming a military attitude, looked along the line, and cried, 'Ease off to the right;' and by and by said, addressing the officer on duty, 'Sir, my uncle, observing that I was a wild lad, used to say, 'George, unless you mend, you will one day die like a trooper's horse, with your shoes on;' but (shewing that he was in his stocking-feet) you see my uncle was mistaken!' Just previously to suffering, he carefully rubbed the deadly cord with a piece of soap which he had about him. He was twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old; a tall, well-made man, with a clear skin, large blue eyes, fair hair, a long, hooked nose, and very short upper lip. He was of a good family in the county of Mayo, and had served in the West Indies, and been a subaltern in a dragoon regiment, but left the army on account of some duelling affair, in which it was said he was disreputably concerned. Among his brother-chieftains who escaped from the field, there was one Macdonald, a quondam barrister, whose great-coat was found, and in the pocket of it was discovered a letter, which I here transcribe from a copy sent to me soon after. It is so far curious, that it shews something of system on the part of the insurgents, and no small share of military talent and general ability in the writer, a Mr. Edward Garvey, who, being a prisoner, and sentenced to death, was stated to have been saved from execution by some unknown influence exerted in his favour:—

"My dear Sir,—Amid the hurry of business, in which, from your present situation, you are involved, and which, I have no doubt, you will conduct with fidelity and honour, you will forgive my taking up your time by communicating my thoughts to you, and, through you, to the French general, at this important period. He is arrived at a moment the most fortunate, when the government, as if excited by some supernatural impulse to accelerate their own destruction, after creating animosities among the people, armed a part to massacre the rest, and proclaimed a religious war. This religious prejudice policy requires should be

fed; humanity requires it should not be permitted to go the length of taking away lives. In every town, the general should, in my mind, place the suspected persons in such a state as to be perfectly secure from personal violence, and yet not leave it in their power to injure the common cause, either by communicating intelligence to the enemy, or by fabricating reports to damp or chill the public spirit. But, above all, they should not be permitted to hold any kind of public employment at this crisis. The effect that would have on the multitude would be inconceivable. The general, I trust, will not be led to make any partial distribution of commissions to any particular set of men, so as to cause jealousy among the rest; though only weak minds could feel any in so great a cause. Yet, even this has ruined Ireland in a former period. The natives, I conceive, should be trained in skirmishes, or marched to different places, before they engage in a general action. Habit produces courage, or insensibility of danger, which produces the same effect. Suppose an attack upon Sligo, if the general thinks the army could be divided with safety. Then they would be received by thousands of enthusiasts (Carmelites), and the habit and pride of conquest would recruit their courage, and the army might easily prevent their being attacked from Athlone. The example the yeomanry shew, and the conduct of the cavalry in the engagement at Castlebar proves how dangerous it is to trust, on horseback, any but experienced soldiers. Many, seized by an impulse, sometimes irresistible, run on horseback, who would fight well on foot. The courage of one often communicates itself to others; but fear is epidemical: the flight of one often brings on that of a whole regiment. The soldiers should be invited to come over to you with warmth, but trusted with caution. Of the yeomanry who join, the fidelity is unquestionable: they all like the cause. But above all, my friend, your men should be roused, animated, encouraged; they should be told they fight for their God, their country, and themselves. The principle of the partition of lands among them should be inculcated, and, I think, by the French general; this would be speaking at once to their feelings and their understanding. This doctrine, once properly instilled, would shake the old government to its centre; it would communicate through the kingdom, like an electric spark; it would spread dismay and distrust through the ranks of our enemies, and may cause such desertion among the military, particularly the militia; that the government may fall without a struggle—may die without a blow. The expectations of our friends, the fears of our enemies, are realised, by the victory at Castlebar; the character of the French soldiers, the talents of their commander, are established by it. By suspected persons, I mean those favoured by the old government, and those against whom the public indignation is directed. I remain, with the warmest wishes for the delivery of Ireland, your assured friend,

E. G.

"To Citizen Gannon,

"To be handed to Commissary Major Roche,

"Castlebar."

"If the foregoing be genuine, and not a letter made for an imaginary writer, it implies much; and, in fact, renders it manifest, that had the French interest in Ireland been supported by many such as E. Garvey, and had the number of foreign troops landed been at all formidable (they amounted to less than fourteen hundred), Ireland would have been separated from Great Britain—perhaps for ever. *

"The officer who commanded the artillery, and defended Castlebar as long as he could, told me,—and he was an old experienced soldier,—that no troops could possibly behave better than the French did when they attacked him. They were obliged, he observed, to advance in column, of which formation he took advantage, and by his fire made a lane through it from front to rear, killing many. But before he could fire again, the French, with great skill, dispersed themselves to the right and left, so that his next shot did comparatively no mischief. And then, surrounded by the enemy, and deserted by two regiments which should have supported him, he was obliged to surrender himself, his guns, and such of his artillerymen as survived. A circumstance took place at this attack on the town, too much to the credit of the brave men concerned not to deserve commemoration. During the night of the 26th, six Highland soldiers, of the regiment called Fraser's Fencibles, who were posted outside the threatened suburb, were ordered to send notice to the commandant within of the first approach of the invading force, but had no orders to withdraw. Each of these heroic fellows accordingly remained fixed as a statue, and died precisely on the spot assigned to him. I saw, with strong emotion, the ground where these true soldiers fell, like Spartans of old; and copied the following inscription from an engraved stone of large dimensions, inserted in the wall of the church of Castlebar, by their colonel and fellow-countryman:—

ERECTED
TO
THE MEMORY OF
JAMES BEATTY,
ANGUS McDONALD,
GEORGE MURDO,
DONALD URQUHART,
WILLIAM ROSS,
AND
DOUGALD CAMERON,
PRIVATES OF THE FRASER HIGHLANDERS,
WHO WERE KILLED IN
THE ACTION AT CASTLEBAR
WITH THE FRENCH INVADERS,
ON THE 27th OF AUGUST, 1798.
AS A SMALL TRIBUTE TO THEIR
GALLANT CONDUCT
AND
HONOURABLE DEATH,
BY
COLONEL SIMON FRASER,
OF
LOVAT,
WHO COMMANDED THE DETACHMENT
OF THE REGIMENT ON THAT DAY."

Speaking of Ireland in our own day, Mr. M. (alluding to Sir Jonah Barrington) writes thus:—

"Of the labouring classes of Irish, he says, 'They are, since 1800, mostly sunk in the lowest state of want and wretchedness,' &c. This is true, and deplorable; but not more true since the commencement of the present century, than for five hundred years before. Let it be supposed that each of these miserable individuals had one hundred pounds sterling per annum given to him; the probability is, that in twenty-five years ninety-nine out of every hundred fathers of families so endowed, would be re-converted into idlers, beggars, drunkards, and thieves. The people of Ireland want employment and education. Were Ireland possessed solely by Flemings or Scots, it would, in half a century, become one of the happiest and most flourishing regions of the civilised world."

This is, if true, an important comment on the condition of Ireland. But we conclude with a literary comment which answers a question we have often heard asked respecting the lines of which it speaks. Mr. M. is making observations on "Hudibras," and he says:—

"Part III. Canto iii. line 243:—

'For those that fly may fight again.'

This, as reported, was the defence made by Demosthenes, when accused of having run away in battle:—

'Λιγὲ ὁ φύγον πάλιν μαχηθήσεται.'

The couplet in Hudibras, of which the above is part, is perpetually confounded by professed quoters with one not in any of Butler's works, but in the published poems of Sir John Mennes, a clerk in the Admiralty in the time of Charles II.:—

'He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day,' &c.

This may be an instance of accidental resemblance in Mennes and Butler; such petty larceny as has been suspected was beneath either of the parties; both knew the Greek dictum, and may have been influenced by it.

"And further:—

"Part III. Canto iii. line 547:—

'He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.'

This couplet is generally recited, by those who do not comprehend the force of words, and forget that Butler did, as if written—

'He that's convinced against his will.'

To be 'convinced' against one's will, without change of opinion, is the language of absurdity; yet considerable bets have been won and lost on the subject of this quotation."

Wicksteed on the Cornish Engine. John Weale.
London, 1841.

THIS work is truly, as it purports to be, an experimental inquiry concerning the relative power of, and useful effect produced by, the Cornish and Boulton and Watt pumping-engines, and cylindrical and wagon-head boilers. Rejecting short trials of a few hours' duration, as leading to erroneous conclusions, and useless for practical purposes, Mr. Wicksteed has extended his series of experiments over a considerable period of time. In the trials upon the cylindrical boilers, the time occupied "was above 3,400 hours, the coals consumed above 900,000 lb., and the water evaporated nearly 7½ millions of lb. Upon the wagon-head boiler the time occupied was 1291 hours, the coals consumed nearly 600,000 lb., and the water evaporated above 4½ millions of lb." In arriving also at the conclusions as to the comparative merits of the two engines, no time nor care appear to have been spared in the accumulation of the facts of observation. For both inquiries, the rules of James Watt for determining practically the value of boilers and engines have been followed. They are doubtless well known to engineers; but we give them because it appears that the second, with reference to the comparing one engine with another on a large scale, has been departed from in the ordinary practice of recording the duty of the engine; and the simply taking the number of strokes made, and the weight of the coals consumed, substituted erroneously for engines working under different circumstances, as to the load raised, and as to the steam cut off in the cylinder at different portions of the stroke. They are as follows:—

"To determine practically the superior economy of one boiler over another, the quantity of water evaporated per lb. of coals should be ascertained; and where experiments are made upon the same boiler, the commercial value of different varieties of coals may be most accurately determined. To determine practically the superior economy of one mode of using

steam over another, the quantity of water in the form of steam used per stroke should be ascertained."

The results arrived at by Mr. Wicksteed, besides being most clearly given in the text, are recorded in tabular forms, assisting much to a ready comparison of respective merit. The details of 36 experiments on the boilers (Table No. 5) comprise 24 heads. With regard to them, under certain expressed modifications, Mr. Wicksteed is of opinion, that "very little, if any, improvement has been made in the evaporative power of boilers since the days of the great, the immortal JAMES WATT." The details of the experiments on the engines at Old Ford (East London Water-Works), are arranged under 39 heads, in Table No. 7, and give conclusions in favour of the Cornish engine as follow:—

<i>Cornish.</i>			
Mean resistance	12.94 lb. per sq. inch of cylinder pistons.		
Load lifted	11.85	"	"
Useful effect	11.09	"	"
<i>Boulton and Watt.</i>			
Mean resistance	12.45	"	"
Load lifted	11.35	"	"
Useful effect	9.23	"	"

For the points of difference between the two engines, and for the cause of the superiority of the Cornish engine over the Boulton and Watt, we refer practical engineers and the numerous class interested in the economical and useful effect of steam-engines, to *Wicksteed on the Cornish Engine*, which is worthy of being, and doubtless will be, ranked among the standard works on this most important branch of mechanics, and take its place by the side of Farey, Tredgold, and others.

The author gratefully and modestly acknowledges obligations to Mr. Aikin, late, for many years, secretary to the Society of Arts, and to Mr. Walker, president of the Institution of Civil Engineers; to the former, by whose kind assistance he was enabled to enter his profession, and to the latter, who strongly urged the presentation, to the Institution, of his first "imperfect paper." These are not solitary instances of the benefits, other than in their own persons, conferred on science by these well-known and respectively eminent individuals.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Mirza. By J. Morier, Esq., author of "Hajji Baba," &c. &c. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

EVERY body who loves the Arabian Tales—and who does not, from infancy to old age?—will rejoice in this new production by the author of *Hajji Baba*. It is every way worthy of his pen; full of oriental peculiarity and humour; the stories various and entertaining—perfect illustrations of Persian manners; and thus conveying useful instruction with the most laughable provocatives that could be mingled in the lessons. The quaint and curious phraseology adds much to the drollery of the narrative; and we neither eat dirt nor abominations whilst we grin at the despot's beard, or "oh little men," "sons of burnt fathers," invade the innermost recesses of the Harem. In a word, Mr. Morier has given us one of the most amusing works of his class that ever delighted the public. Any possible extract would do great injustice to it.

Pictures of Christian Life, by R. Aris Willmott, B.A., Trin. Coll., Camb. Pp. 325.—Full of graceful traits of eminent Christians, and embellished with poetical illustrations, which render the volume as pleasing to be read by the general student as by the se devoted to divinity. It is altogether a very agreeable and instructive composition.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE NIGER.

THE last Number (XVII.) we have received of the *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie* of Paris contains a very able essay, by M. D'Avezac, on the parts of the Niger which have been explored by Europeans, and on those which are yet unknown; written with a view to the expedition sent out from England under Captains Trotter and W. and B. Allen. It appears, that the portion of the river which remains to be explored, is that which lies between Timbuctoo and Yaouri, a distance of about 550 miles. M. D'Avezac is of opinion that the steamers of the African Civilisation Society will arrive at the favourable period for passing the dangerous rapids of Boussa, and that their efforts will be crowned with success. Those who are interested in this important undertaking, which promises so much for the civilisation of Africa, and for the increase of our commerce in that quarter, will feel encouraged by the opinion expressed by a scholar so profoundly acquainted with the geography of Africa as M. D'Avezac.

NAVAL AUTOMATON.

UNDER this designation a novel mechanical and complicated arrangement, patented "for certain improvements in obtaining and applying motive power by means of winds and waves, for propelling vessels on water, and driving other machinery," is now being exhibited to "ship-owners, steam-ship companies, capitalists, merchants, and the public in general," in Cheapside. The winds and the waves are proposed to be made subservient to progression, and steam-navigation to be superseded. Each vessel is to be furnished with one mast only, and two sails arranged fanlike on either side. The ribs of the fan to be stayed from the summit, or, if found necessary, also from the centre, to a shank, by which and other contrivances the mast is made to revolve, and to present always the canvass more or less to the wind. These enormous sails are not to be worked by hand, but by a windmill erected at the stern, and requiring only the attendance and operation of one man. This latter machine is also to be applied to pumping, placing or displacing the cargo, weighing anchor, or any other heavy work occurring on board. So much for wind-power, which may or may not, on inspection of the model and plans, be considered available and practically useful. The manner, however, in which the waves are avowed to be made to assist propulsion—or indeed to propel vessels, for by the invention a power equal to that of 34,000 horses is said to be obtained—requires, because of its novelty, and we may say ingenuity, a somewhat more detailed description.

The ascending and descending motions of the water are made to act—by means of buoys and arms attached to the vessel's ribs, and connected with the spindle of several "rocket-wheels"—on the wheels themselves in one uniform direction, giving rotatory motion. The poles or arms within the vessel, by the rising and falling of the outer ones, pass forwards and backwards over the "rocket-wheels." Their ends underneath are provided with a row of cogs or teeth, arranged at opposite angles on either side; so that, for instance, the starboard poles, by the ascending outer and forward inner motions, are effective with a pushing action on the "rocket-wheel," clicking inactively on their return in the descending movement, whilst the larboard ones

work with a drawing and reverse force; and thus, of course, one direction is given to the rotating spindle, regulated by a fly-wheel. Rotation and power being thus obtained, any mechanical arrangement for propulsion, whether by paddle, sweep, or screw, becomes easy. The principal source of power, however, remains yet to be told. It is to be derived from huge floats underneath the ship, below the effect of undulatory disturbance, and with reference to the waves in still water. The alternate heaving and sinking of the ship in the ratio of her tonnage, if the whole ship heaves and sinks at the same rate of velocity, lowers and lifts a somewhat similar arrangement to that of the buoys, exercising with them an united power on the spindle. The floats "are not moved by the water in the same way as the vessel: they do not yield, on account of the resistance of the water above or below their large surfaces respectively;" so that "the free ascent and descent of the vessel in regard to the floats underneath" is the source of the power, in the ratio of her tonnage, as above; or of half if she pitches, one end being as much upwards as the other downwards. In the former case, calculation for 500 tons burden gives a power of 34,000 horses (nearly); in the latter, of about 17,000 horses' power.

We confess we are not converts to the advantages of the Naval Automaton over steam-power; and we further confess ourselves sceptical as to the practical working of the machinery on a large scale. The patentee, M. Stollmeyer, informed us that a successful trial had been made in the Delaware on a vessel of 12 tons. Nevertheless, when the draft of a ship, from 16 to 25 feet, is taken into the account, the practical resistances, &c., appear to us insurmountable. Besides, we have experienced somewhat of the rolling and pitching of large ships, the creaking of bulkheads, the labouring of beams, &c., and we cannot conceive machinery of the character of that of the Naval Automaton otherwise than constantly out of order. This is, however, only opinion; and we readily admit that mechanical ingenuity has overcome greater difficulties than these.

The floating apparatus is stated also to be effective in dead calms and in lakes. It is true that often, in a storm after a calm, the swell is tremendous; and then all the requisite motion is present. But we have seen a ship lie motionless, like a log, on the water. How then, or how in lakes, the machinery is to work, we do not understand. How, also, the adverse stream would increase the resistances, does not appear to have been taken into account. But a successful working out through the Strait of Gibraltar, by means of the float and heavy machinery, would settle the question. We recommend a trial. There are many ingenious contrivances in the mechanism: not the least of which are the arrangements for bringing the windmill into gear. We have more faith in the windmill and fan than in the buoys and floats.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

PAPERS read during April, May, and June:—1. A paper "On the geological phenomena in the vicinity of Cape Town, Southern Africa," by the Rev. W. B. Clarke.

The author commences by stating that his observations were made independently of any previous labours in the same district. He describes in detail, first, the physical features of the country; secondly, its geological composition; and, thirdly, the changes in the rela-

tive level of land and water, and the phenomena attendant upon them.

2. "On the distribution of erratic boulders, and on the contemporaneous unstratified deposits of South America," by C. Darwin, Esq.

The extensive regions more particularly described in this paper are the districts traversed by the Rio Santa Cruz (lat. 50° S.), Tierra del Fuego, including the coasts of the Strait of Magellan and the island of Chiloe.

In ascending the Rio Santa Cruz, boulders first occur about 100 miles from the coast, or 67 from the Cordillera; and 12 miles nearer that chain they are extraordinarily numerous, consisting of angular masses, often of great size, of argillaceous and chlorite schist, felspathic rocks, and basaltic lava. The plain on which they lie is 1400 feet above the level of the sea; and the following section, exhibited on the banks of the Santa Cruz, is given by the author to illustrate its composition:—

1. Gravel, or shingle, coarsely stratified, which extends to the coast 212 feet.
2. Basaltic lava 322 "
3. Various coloured thin strata, the lower containing minute pebbles, of the same nature as the boulders on the surface of the plain, with the exception of the lava 588 "

The valley of Santa Cruz widens on approaching the Cordillera into an estuary-like plain, which is only 440 feet above the level of the sea, and is considered to have been submerged within the post-pleiocene period, because existing sea-shells occur near the mouth of the plain, and because terraces, which not far from the coast are certainly of recent marine origin, extend a considerable distance up the valley. Between this estuary-like plain and the great plain is another, 800 feet in height, the surface of which consists of shingle and large boulders of a different description from those which abound on the high plain; and Mr. Darwin therefore infers, that they were not derived from its denudation, but have been transported from the Cordillera since the country received its present outline. The author did not observe erratic blocks in any other part of Patagonia; but Captain King noticed large fragments of primary rocks on the great plain which terminates at Cape Gregory, in the Strait of Magellan.

Extensive outliers of the above formation occur on the eastern side of Tierra del Fuego, fringed by lower plains consisting of finely grained argillaceous sandstone and gravel. On the eastern border of the Strait of Magellan, and at various localities within the strait, this sandstone passes into or alternates with great unstratified deposits of till, containing angular and rounded fragments as well as large boulders, derived from mountains at least 60 miles distant to the west or south-west: and Mr. Darwin is of opinion, that the blocks, which occur in vast numbers on all the beaches, have generally been washed out of the cliffs. From the configuration of the surface where some of these boulders were noticed, the author infers that, long anterior to the total amount of elevation of the land, a wide channel must have connected the middle of the strait with the Atlantic; and that a straight channel must have existed between Otway water and the eastern arm of the strait. He is farther of opinion, that the ancient currents flowed, like the modern, from the west, as the blocks have been transported in the same direction. Several islands off the extreme southern portion of Tierra del Fuego, and the shores of Beagle channel, are fringed with a similar boulder-deposit. The want of stratification in portions

of these accumulations Mr. Darwin ascribes; to the disturbing action of grounded icebergs and the absence of organic remains, he is of opinion may be due to the same cause. The boulder-formation in Chiloe is apparently confined to the eastern and northern sides of the island, and the boulders are believed to have been derived from the opposite mainland. With respect to its age Mr. Darwin offers no precise opinion; but on account of the occurrence of existing sea-shells at the height of 350 feet above the level of the sea, he conceives that it probably was accumulated within the post-pleiocene period; and he adduces similar evidence of the age of the till of Tierra del Fuego. In the concluding part of the memoir, the author describes the glaciers of Tierra del Fuego; and he explains his views relative to the agency which drifting ice may have had in transporting the blocks on the plains of Patagonia in Tierra del Fuego and Chiloe.

3. "On the agency of snails in corroding deep cavities in compact limestone-rocks," by the Rev. Professor Buckland.

The author's attention was first directed to the action of snails on limestone, at Boulogne, in 1839; and during a visit to Tenby, in the early part of the present year, he ascertained that certain perforations in the rock on which the castle stands, and considered by some observers to have been made by pholades, must have been excavated by snails. The reasons adduced for this inference are, that the hollows never occur on the top of the ledges of limestone-rock, but on the sides and under-surfaces, where alone the animals could find shelter; that the cavities are often confluent, and very irregular in size and shape, corresponding in form to the ordinary latit of snails; and, thirdly, because he found in the hollows at Boulogne, as well as at Tenby, dead and living shells. The mode of operation by which such excavations are made he considers to be the same as that by which the common limpet corrodes a socket in calcareous rocks; and he is of opinion that in both cases the animal secretes an acid fluid.

4. "On moss agates and other siliceous bodies," by J. S. Bowerbank, Esq.

In this memoir the author gives the results of his extended microscopic examination of the animal remains contained in siliceous minerals. During the course of this series of investigations he examined nearly two hundred specimens of moss agates, from Oberstein and other parts of Germany, as well as from Sicily; and about 70 specimens of green jasper, from India. The following are the conclusions at which he has arrived. In every specimen of agate and jasper he found the remains of tubular spongelike texture, very often nearly obliterated, and exhibiting only the red pigment which had filled the tubes, but frequently in a perfect state of preservation; he detected also numerous small globular bodies, which he is of opinion were the gemmules of the sponge; and he discovered instances of vascular structure, both on the exterior of the tubes, and within their cavities. Mr. Bowerbank has examined also numerous specimens of Egyptian agates, but could not detect in them any traces of spongelike remains. He ascertained that they consisted of small, irregular, light-coloured grains, imbedded in a banded siliceous matrix, and that they contained vast numbers of foraminifera, unequally distributed through the layers composing the agate. He likewise describes the structure of several mocha stones, and shews that their moss-like appearance is not of organic origin, but is a metallic infiltration. A specimen of

Herefordshire pudding-stone was found to exhibit, in its larger pebbles, all the spongelike characters of chalk-flints.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Oct. 26, 1841.

Academy of Sciences. Sitting of Oct. 18.—Messrs. Breschet and Becquerel communicated to the Academy the result of some experiments on the heat of the organic tissues of animals. They had proceeded, with this object in view, to shave the hair off some rabbits, and then had covered their bodies with a mixture of glue, tallow, and resin. This substance stopped up all the pores of the skin, and caused death in a short time. The result of their experiments was, that in an animal whose skin had shewn a temperature of 38 degrees of the centigrade scale, or about 100 Fahrenheit, before the mixture was put on, gave a heat of 32 degs. shortly after; and at an interval of an hour gave 24½ degs. centigrade, or about 75½ Fahrenheit. Another animal gave still lower indications of heat. It had been expected that, from all the pores being stopped up, internal fever would have been produced, and a great increase of heat have been displayed. These gentlemen also communicated the results of experiments on the relative heat of arterial and venous blood, confirming the commonly received opinion as to the superior heat of the former.—A communication was read from M. Gaudin, descriptive of his method of preparing photographic plates of metal with the bromure of iodine, instead of the chlorure of iodine. This made the photographic surface so exceedingly sensitive, that perfect impressions could be taken, not instantaneously, but in a quarter of a second! He had thus succeeded in taking impressions of objects while in rapid motion; and, among others, had produced a beautiful plate of the Pont-Neuf, from M. Lerebours' balcony, with all the people, horses, and vehicles while in motion. He had also taken portraits in this way, in which all the expression of the lips and eyes, while the persons were speaking or smiling, was perfectly given. It was mentioned, that the bromure of iodine required great precaution in its preparation, bromine being the most violent caustic known, and a single drop of it falling or splashing on the eye of the preparator causing blindness. One of the persons employed by M. Gaudin to prepare his plates had lost the sight of one eye by an accident of this kind not many days before.—A letter was read from General Chassenon, in Luxemburg, explaining his method of making wine from the *Vaccinium myrtillus*. The general had forwarded a whole tun of this wine to be submitted to a commission of the Academy; and Messrs. de Gasparin, Dumas, and Boussingault were ordered to taste it, and report accordingly!—M. Anatole de Demidoff communicated some further thermometrical observations in Southern Russia. At Nijne-Tagoulsk the minimum observed during the month of June was 7° Reaumur, or 47·7 Fahrenheit; the mean was 17·3 R., or 70½ F.; and the maximum 29·5 R., or 98 F. At Vicimo the results were nearly the same, but not quite so high.—Some zoological monstrosities, such as a serpent with two heads, were mentioned as having been observed by M. Silly, of Gracay, in the Cher.—M. Milne Edwards addressed a memoir to the Academy on some crustacean animals found in subterranean waters in America. The visual organs of these animals were covered with films, and appeared almost in a rudimentary or imperfect state.—M. Jules

Guérin read a paper on a modification of the system of cutting the ocular muscles for the cure of squinting. It had been found that when the muscles were thus cut on one side of the eye, those on the other, which remained intact, often pulled the eye round in their direction, and thus made a fresh squint on the other side. He had resorted to puncture of the muscles conjointly with partial section, and had obtained the most beneficial results. The pain, which was not great even by the former method, was now much reduced, and no inflammation ever followed. The cicatrization of the incisions or punctures thus made took place very rapidly. A commission was appointed to examine and report on this method.

We have been to Lerebours', the optician's, on the Pont-Neuf, to see the Daguerreotype portraits and impressions mentioned in the report of the Academy of Sciences. They are the most extraordinary and beautiful things of the kind we ever saw. The portraits are all smiling and speaking, just as the individuals were at the moment, or rather quarter-moment of sitting. There is one of a young man smoking and laughing at the same time: the smoke of the cigar is quite perfect! There is a group of men fighting on the Pont-Neuf,—one is giving another a blow; the whole is the most striking thing possible. This is certainly an immense step made in the art of photography.

In making excavations at the hôtel-de-ville at Mons, a few days since, the workmen discovered a leaden coffin containing the body of a female well preserved, and the robes of which, in black silk, were almost intact. The head placed by the side of the body shewed that it was the result of an execution. It proves to be the body of the Countess Inez de Mendoza, who was privately executed in the court of the hôtel-de-ville on the 9th of June, 1618, as an accomplice in the conspiracy of the Marquis de Henriquez; and a ring on one of the fingers bore the arms of the Mendoza family, three annulets *or*. The coffin was transferred to the museum of the town.

The *Journal de Vienne* mentions the discovery of another Roman street on the plain de l'Aiguille, during some recent excavations carried on under the direction of the Commission of Fine Arts of Vienne. Like all the other streets discovered in that place, it is paved with granite, and is very narrow. Underneath it is a well-constructed sewer, about four feet and a half high, in perfectly good condition, with small lateral sewers coming from each house. There is some idea of making this sewer serve for the actual wants of the town.

The Archæological Society of Avranches has proposed as a prize-subject, "The determination of the geographical position of Mont St. Michel previous to the reign of Childebert III." The principal point to be settled is, whether the mount was surrounded by a forest at that date, as tradition states; and if so, which is highly probable, to ascertain the cause of the disappearance of this forest, whether by gradual encroachments of the sea, or whether by sudden inroad of the water, as indicated by the author of the *Neustria Pia*. This prize is a medal of 100*fr.*; and the papers are to be sent in on or before May 1, 1842. There are some valuable MSS. in the library of Avranches connected with the Mont St. Michel.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Oct. 21.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. E. H. Adamson, Linc. Coll.;

Rev. W. H. Stevens, Worcester Coll.; Rev. J. Sandford, Ball. College; Rev. C. O. Kenyon, Ch. Ch.; Rev. R. C. W. Collins, Exeter College; Rev. R. Lamb, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. C. H. Smith, Exet. College; G. F. S. Powell, Wadham College.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 20.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Master of Arts.—Lord Somerton, Trin. Coll.

Doctor of Physic.—W. D. Williams, Corpus Ch. Coll.

Masters of Arts.—T. Wood, St. John's Coll.; M. Biggs, Pembroke Coll.; S. F. Montgomery, Corpus Ch. Coll.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. W. Sherer, V. G. Hine, Trin. Coll.; J. Raw, Queen's Coll.; C. H. Foster, Magd. Coll.

The following were admitted *ad eundem*:—J. Charnock, M.A., Linc. College, Ox.; F. Curtis, M.A., Ball. College, Ox.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Duke Street, Portland Place, Oct. 25, 1841.

SIR,—Observing in the last No. of the *Literary Gazette* a notice of your Paris correspondent of a curious old ritual belonging to the unfortunate Queen Mary of Scotland,—it will not, perhaps, be uninteresting to you and the readers of the *Literary Gazette* to know that the missal used by the Queen on the scaffold, and attested in King James the Second's handwriting in the inside, is now in my possession; that it also was in the Scots College in Paris, and brought from thence at great risk by an English Catholic gentleman. It is a beautiful MS., and splendidly illuminated throughout with initial letters and miniatures—a gift to the Queen from the Pope Pius during her confinement. It is in its original binding of velvet, with gilt clasps, and bears the following inscription:—"This book belonged to Queen Mary of Scotland. And shee used it at her death upon the Shaffold." Should you, or any of your friends, feel at all interested in this relic, I shall have great pleasure in shewing it.—And remain, sir, your very obedient servant,

LIONEL BOOTH.

FINE ARTS.

ENGLISH GALLERY IN THE LOUVRE.

THE King of the French has, with great taste and liberality, appointed a chamber in the Louvre for the reception of the paintings bequeathed to him by Mr. Standish, and has given it the name of the English Gallery. To render it truly deserving of this name, his Majesty would do well to order pictures (such as Lord Monson desired) to be painted for him by the most distinguished artists of the British school.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Rhine Illustrated. Ato. Fisher, Son, & Co. A series of drawings from nature, by Colonel Cockburn, Major Irton, and Messrs. Bartlett, Leitch, and Wolfensberger, are here recommended to us with historical and legendary descriptions by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A., whose able pen is so advantageously associated with such beautiful productions of art, causing them to go hand in hand with polite literature, and to charm the mind as well as the eye. But not only the Rhine, the high-road of tourists, but also Italy and Greece, are richly exhibited in this volume: of which it is impossible to speak except in terms of the highest praise. For the subjects are tastefully selected, numerous, and artistically treated throughout. There are between thirty and forty plates in all; and their execution is worthy of the names both of the amateur and professional contributors to a design happily conceived and delightfully effected.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

"Yet all alike are men condemn'd to groan,—

The tender for another's pain,

The unfeeling for his own."—GREY.

PETER BENSON was the son of a miser, who died in the possession of immense wealth, amassed by a life of toil and privation. His son was endowed by nature with great energies, and a firmness of purpose which shewed itself whilst yet a child; for he became the terror of

his playmates, and the tyrant of all about him. His education was neglected; for his father would have shuddered to spend money on it. His example pointed out to his son, that to get riches was the sole aim of life; his precept was, to guard them at the risk of all but life: and to habituate his heir early to follow his example, he forced him to earn even the pittance for his pocket-money. Peter was an apt scholar: at an early age he had actually put his savings out to interest; and his father was so delighted at this trait, that he doubled the amount to confirm him in the habit. That same night the miser died! Was it this solitary instance of liberality that did violence to his nature, and destroyed him?

During a severe illness, some years before, old Benson had been advised to make his will; and he had even consented to send for a lawyer, who, having gone through the usual preamble, waited for his client's instructions: but, after a long pause, ventured to ask the sick man to whom he wished to bequeath his property. The sufferer started up wildly in his bed, exclaiming, "Wish to bequeath!—I wish to bequeath my property?—never, man, never! What! give my life's blood, my soul's recompense!—and," added he (as if struck by the danger of having admitted to a stranger his possession of wealth)—"what have I, a hard-working man, to bequeath?" And so he died without a will, and Peter Benson found himself heir; and, as he thought, without any one to interfere with his administration of this wealth. But he was one morning surprised by the receipt of a letter from his mother, whom he had been led to suppose died during his infancy, and of whom his father never made mention. Interest being the reigning principle of this youth's heart, it was upon that he reflected ere he allowed himself to grieve or rejoice at this unexpected news. His mother's existence *might* be of incalculable value to him; for, as a minor, he could not take out letters of administration, and he dreaded having a guardian appointed by the law. His mother's being alive, he understood, might render such a step unnecessary. But, then, it was said she would have a right to a share in the property. Of this fact he hoped to keep her ignorant; but as he could not deceive her as to the amount of wealth, would she not expect to be indulged in an expenditure suitable to it? and he groaned as he thought how this would diminish the profits of the concern. His father had vegetated (and even that sparingly); he had never dared to live.

Peter was puzzled how he should reply to his mother's letter without committing himself or his property. At length, he thought it would be best to go to her; if she came to town, he might be expected to fetch her—so the expense must be incurred; and by getting it over at once, he would be able to judge better of her disposition and capabilities to render her an eligible guardian, as far as the name went, of his interests during his minority—the real control of them he intended should remain in his own hands—and he felt the coach-fare almost an excusable expense, as he reflected on the advantages to which his journey might lead. His mother was a poor, sickly-looking woman, whose spirit had been so crushed by oppression and tyranny that she hardly dared speak to her own child. His personal resemblance to his father made her tremble; and it was not long before she perceived the resemblance was not merely personal. He uttered no grief for his lost, nor joy for his new-found, parent—money, gain, saving, were all he could talk upon; and when,

on bidding her good night, he said, "Mother, I shall never die happy unless I become twice as rich as my father," she felt that the life of toil and mortification she had endured with the father was about to recommence under the yoke of the son. But she accepted her portion with the devotion of a mother for the good of her offspring; and for six years meekly bore with all the privations her child's parsimony forced on her. During these years he had never once offered his mother a pleasure, an amusement, or a single comfort, that could have drawn a guinea from his purse. His main study was on *how little* could she manage to keep a home for him; and when, on attaining twenty-one, he took the concern *nominal*ly (as it had all along been *virtual*ly) into his own hands, she hazarded a request to retire into the country to end her days in quiet, free from the feverish excitement of trade; he remarked, "As you please, mother; only I cannot allow you as much as my father did. I mean to increase my business, and every farthing will be wanted; besides, you had money by you when my father died, and therefore must have been able to save out of the provision he made." The poor mother submitted in silence; she had long known that policy and interest had alone kept her son on terms with her; and now, her allowance curtailed to the very lowest pittance, he permitted her to depart; and from that hour her quarterly payments were, for many years, the only evidence of her son's existence, while he was straining every nerve to realise and amass riches:—to spend them, to give them, to circulate them, would have been agony.

He thought of marrying; but then his choice must be dictated by the same unvarying rule—his interest. A gentleman, with whom he had formed extensive relations, invited him to his country-house. He had one daughter, an only child; and Peter Benson became enamoured with—not her beauty, not her sweet and gentle manners—but her expectations. He made proposals to the father, who could not but view with pleasure such a prospect for his child. Peter Benson, the young *millionnaire*, the man whose word could make or mar thousands whose existence depended on his nod for employ,—this colossus of wealth a suitor to his child—it was a match very far beyond his hopes; and the worthy merchant's sight became dazzled and blinded to the real character of the man who sought his gentle Marian; and she, timid and submissive, yielded to her father's wishes, and gave her consent to wed Peter Benson.

Every day after this engagement was formed inflicted some new trial on the miser's sole feeling. Marian had in the village a school supported entirely at her expense. "What worthless expenditure!" thought he; "but this will cease,—in London we shall have no village-schools to think of." As they walked through the village, he listened with terror to the grateful thanks of many of the poorer classes for money and clothing bestowed by the gentle being whose arm rested on his. Poverty he knew was not confined to the country, and the continuance of such folly was not to be thought of. Had he spent his best years in incessant toil, in restless drudgery, to get riches to give them away?—the thought was horror; and he actually looked at this innocent girl as though she had already been drawing his treasure from its sacred hold.

He had passed a restless night, half spent in repenting of the bold measure which had placed him in such a perilous position, when, on en-

tering the breakfast-room, he found Marian busily perusing a letter with several enclosures. She looked up, and smiling her welcome, said, "I have been waiting for you, Mr. Benson, to assist my judgment as to the best and most effective manner of relieving a poor family, whose distress is really heart-rending. My father's and my own donation of *5l.* each may be of momentary use; and," added she, "I have ventured to mark a similar sum against your name: but that is not all—" "Not all?" gasped Peter. "No," said she, (too engrossed by her own benevolent thoughts to remark his manner); "it is but a small part of what I should wish to do. We must find employment for the two boys, who are old enough to exert themselves for the benefit of the others. Will you not undertake this part of the business, Mr. Benson? you must have many facilities for obtaining situations for the poor and destitute." "None, I assure you, Marian; situations now-a-days are worth what they will fetch. No one gives them away—that is, no one who is not a fool or a rogue to himself: besides, I make it a rule never to pay attention to begging-letters; and I have at last found the value of my resolution not to open any—for now I am never pestered with them. Allow me to settle this matter for you." He took the papers from her, placed them in a blank cover, and on the bell being answered, desired that *that* letter might be given to the person waiting.

"And now, Marian," said he, "permit me to request that on all future occasions you will meet such applications in a similar manner." Marian remained silent. She was too hurt and astonished to trust herself to speak; and fearing he had offended her (the vision of her 50,000*l.* stood before him), he endeavoured to make some excuse, by saying all who listen to such idle stories are sure to be deceived. "For my part, I could not bear the feeling of being made a dupe—as the vulgar call it, being outwitted." "But surely," interrupted Marian, "because there may be some imposture in the world, we are not to set all down as rogues; and if you return every appeal made to your charity, without examining into it, how often may you not have sent away some deserving object, who, had you known the truth, you would have been delighted to befriend!" Delighted to befriend! Peter Benson delight in befriend! the poor and needy! little did Marian know the pang, the convulsive shiver, occasioned by the mere supposition of such weakness. The arrival of visitors put an end to the discussion; but the thoughts of both parties dwelt on this scene. She was sorry her father had not been present,—he, who never turned from the poor till he had ascertained whether their poverty arose from guilt or misfortune—he who had taught her that it would be far more conducive to her own peace of mind to relieve two who *might not* be deserving, than to send one innocent victim away, perhaps to perish for want of that aid she could afford to give. Her father had told her to search out the truth, as well as circumstances might permit, but never to suspect (without examination) guilt where virtue seemed possible. Habitually she was charitable in mind, and liberal in her bounty towards others; and her father's advice only made her a wiser dispenser of the gifts placed in her power, without checking the rich stream from whence they flowed.

On leaving the breakfast-table the following morning, Marian was desired by her father to come to his study in half an hour. There was an unusual air of anxiety in his manner when

he made this request; and Marian feared it might be to make some arrangement respecting the time of her marriage, and consequent separation from him. Latterly she could not think of the former event without dread; and the alternative had become proportionably fearful to her imagination.

When she entered the study, her father took her by the hand, and placing her on the sofa by him, said, "My dear Marian, I have never found you wanting in candour: tell me in one word what caused you to send back the letter we had been perusing together without even a word of kindness to the poor afflicted people we had (as I thought) decided on relieving?"

Marian burst into tears, saying, "Oh, papa, do not look so sternly at me: it was Mr. Benson, who insisted on its being returned;—indeed, it was he who directed and gave it back."

"Bless you, my child! I thought it could never be your act. Your poor old father knew you better; and so I told our amiable young curate, who came to me this morning quite broken-hearted about it. Indeed, I never saw any one more deeply pained than Mr. Villiers appeared to be at this occurrence."

Marian's face was suffused with crimson as she inquired how Mr. Villiers became acquainted with it.

"He told me," replied her father, "that the poor widow (who, it appears, was herself the bearer of the packet), called on him; and, on his proposing to give her a letter to me, she related the heartless rebuff she had just met with."

"Dear papa, do not deceive Mr. Villiers (and she blushed yet more deeply): it would distress me that he should think it my act."

"He does not, my child; he did you the justice to believe you must have been dictated to by another: but it is of this other we must now speak. Deal with me frankly, Marian;—after what has passed, what are your feelings towards Mr. Benson?"

Thus called upon, Marian acknowledged that her acceptance of him had been in obedience to what she supposed her father's positive wish; but that nothing in his character since their engagement had made any favourable impression on her: she had many times perceived it to be selfish; and this last act, with his reasoning upon it (which she now repeated), appeared to stamp him as so thoroughly heartless, that she could not now think of their union but with horror.

"Nor shall you think of it longer: this very day he shall receive his dismissal. The man who could thus act, and thus argue, never could deserve you; and tenderly embracing her, the fond father continued, "who ever will deserve you, my Marian?"

In time to hear the close of this inquiry, Mr. Villiers entered the study; and had either father or daughter looked at him, they would have seen one whose dearest hopes had been fixed on being at some future day considered so, and whose altered looks and suppressed sighs shewed how those hopes had been blighted by hearing of her engagement to another.

Peter Benson's rage at the receipt of a letter, which plainly gave him to understand his harshness of opinion and want of liberality had caused his affianced bride to reject him, was unbounded; nor was his disappointment lessened by hearing, within a few weeks, that she had been unexpectedly left a legacy to a large amount, and had thus become one of the richest heiresses of the day. He had hardly recovered from this shock, when news was brought him of a severe conflagration which had destroyed

his extensive warehouses in London. No one doubted that a man of his caution would be amply insured: they were not aware of the extent of his parsimony. Though frequently prompted to take this precaution, he could not persuade himself to pay money for that which by possibility might never make him any return.

Loss after loss closely followed on each other; and in every instance this hard-hearted, unsympathising man could trace their origin to some act of brutality, or some niggardly conduct of his own. His health became impaired; and he was nearly driven mad by the clerks in his counting-house sending for a doctor, whom he refused to pay. He became unequal to the daily calls of business; and having always been the active superintendent of his own concerns, things became worse and worse; all his underlings hated him, and were but too prompt to take advantage of his imbecile state. The nervous fear that he was robbed aggravated the disease under which he laboured; and he was hardly to be recognised when he set out, for the second time, in search of his mother. His appeal could not be rejected by that mother's heart. His obdurate nature, his uncharitable mind, were known to her; but he was her son, and she allowed him to share the scanty pittance he had, in the pride of wealth and power, almost grudged her.

The village-doctor advised a warm climate; and by the sale of her furniture and other effects, his mother procured the means, and accompanied him abroad. Every day increased his fretful, discontented temper—every day, too, his bodily weakness augmented; and ere they had been a month at Nice, where suffering had obliged them to halt, it was evident his end was fast approaching; and his mother became anxious that he should see some clergyman, who might, even at that late hour, bring his mind to reflect on those truths of which he never would permit her to speak.

Full of this thought, she one evening stole from his sick couch to make inquiries about the resident minister; but had the disappointment to find he was absent from Nice. Worn out with the fatigue she had undergone, both of body and mind, she was retracing her feeble steps, her tears flowing fast as she reflected how terrible would be her son's last moments, deprived of the only hope she had dared to look for to render them peaceful by prayer and repentance, when she found herself accosted by an Englishman, who had observed her dejected appearance, and now asked if he could be of any service in her distress. On hearing her errand and its disappointment, Villiers (for it was he, who was travelling with his bride, his long-loved Marian, and her father) told her he was a Protestant clergyman, and would accompany her home. Arrived at the sick man's chamber, he gently approached the bed with an expression of sympathy and pity. He did not recognise in the emaciated dying form before him the man he had once slightly known, and whose character he had cordially despised; but Benson's memory was rendered faithful by hatred and fancied wrong; and starting up in bed with the sudden strength of frenzy, he exclaimed, with a dreadful oath, "Out of my sight, thou scoundrel! was it not enough to rob me of the girl's money, but you come here to gloat your eyes on my wretchedness, and watch my dying moments?"

"Poor soul, how he raves!" said the terrified mother.

"Raves!" cried the dying man, as he shook his fist with convulsive energy; "do you think I know him not? I tell you, mother, it is Vil-

liers—it is the fiend who crossed my path to wealth, and who has come to look on his victim;" and, with an hysterical laugh and an awful blasphemy, Peter Benson ceased to breathe,—unsoftened, unrepentant; shewing that the possession of wealth, without sympathy of soul and the exercise of benevolence, leads but to misery here, and an awful prospect for hereafter!

As Sir Philip Sydney has said, "Riches may be considered a treasury of blessings when possessed by the worthy, and an abused good in the hands of the heartless!"

E. C. DE C—.

MUSIC.

WE have to acknowledge from Wessel and Co., importers and publishers of foreign music, copies of Auber's overture to *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, and F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy's overture to *Gamacho's Marriage*—Nos. 14 and 26 of a valuable series of Modern Overtures now in course of publication. They are both agreeably arranged for the pianoforte, and can be had with orchestral accompaniments, or as duets.

Also, Nos. 41 and 42 (*Les Diamans de la Couronne* and *La Reine Catarina*) of a collection of popular quadrilles, composed by P. Musard, Tolbeque, and Dufresne. The above numbers are by P. Musard, and are so thoroughly known to the public as favourites at the Promenade Concerts, that they require but few words of recommendation from us. We will only say, that they will be found, either with or without accompaniment, equally delightful in the drawing or dancing room. The same remarks may apply to Jullien's *Royal Union Quadrilles*, (introducing the popular airs, "Rory O'More," "Jenny Jones," "St. Patrick's Day," &c., &c.), which are full of spirit, and admirably calculated for giving zest to the dance.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Mr. Lumley, solicitor, who has for several seasons been virtually at the head of the party farming Her Majesty's Theatre, managed by Laporte, has again become the lessee, at the rent of 14,000*l.*, instead of 12,000*l.*

Adelphi.—A very amusing little comedy, called *The Maid of Honour*, was placed upon the Adelphi stage on Monday with more than the usual tact and judgment so generally allowed to Mr. Yates. Dialogue of much point, and situations of considerable dramatic effect, are to be praised in the author, or adapter (for we believe the piece is from the French); but for the scenery, dresses, properties, which are all of the fittest and most costly description, we must thank the active and enterprising manager. The plot turns on three ladies loving one captain of the guard, viz. the queen, a duchess, and a maid of honour—the latter being loved in return. A wily courtier advances his own political interests and the suit of the lovers at the same time, and finally triumphs over the political party opposed to him, which is headed by the aforesaid duchess, and succeeds in causing the union of the young couple. It would be almost impossible to give too much eulogium to the acting of Mrs. Yates as the *Queen*, Mrs. Fosbrooke as the *Duchess*, or Miss E. Chaplin as the *Maid of Honour*. This young lady will prove a real acquisition to the Adelphi company. Yates himself, as the courtier, was peculiarly felicitous; indeed, nearly the only bar to the general good character of the acting was Mr. Spencer Forde as the lover: he is neither quite comely nor quite old enough a stager for

the part assigned him. *The Maid of Honour* will be a great attraction for many a night to come.

VARIETIES.

The Sporting Almanack and Oracle of Rural Life, for 1842. (A. H. Baily and Co.; E. Churton).—The fourth year of a highly embellished and acceptable publication. The illustrations are engraved in steel (the only material that could furnish the large supply which is called for by the popularity of the work), and the designs by R. B. Davis, the Animal Painter to the Queen. The penning of Sheep, the Kennel Nursery, Rook-shooting, Otter-hunting, &c., are all suitable and excellent subjects, excellently treated; and the sporting, gardening, farming, and other information, is of the most useful kind. It is altogether the Almanack for rural life, and the sports of the field.

The English Helicon, by T. K. Hervey (A. H. Baily and Co.), is so beautiful a contribution to our national genius, that we cannot allow the week to pass without directing notice to the volume, which embalms and preserves in delightful harmony so fine a collection of English poetry. It is a monument full of honour to the living and lately lost poets of the land, and will be sweetly welcome to all who love and admire the Muses.

H. B. has this week produced three clever and entertaining caricatures (Nos. 711, 12, 13): the first, a new omnibus starting for Windsor, driven by the new Ministers, and the old ones trying to persuade John Bull not to trust himself in it, though the Queen and Prince Albert are seated inside; the next is a good Newmarket and political joke upon *Hilli-omnee*; and the last a capital game at whist, in which Wellington and Peel are certainly beating Melbourne and Russell. Altogether, the three have more originality and humour than we have lately seen in these popular performances, and are in the artist's happiest vein.

Time and Tide wait for no Man,—so inculcates Mr. E. Wilson on a square of pasteboard, full of wise saws and modern instances, enforced by a border of four little prints, shewing people too late for steamers, railroads, banking hours, and a deathbed. It is a true lesson, and at a small price.

T. Phillips.—It is with sincere sorrow we have learnt the sudden death of Mr. Phillips, who was accidentally killed on the Birmingham Railroad. As an agreeable actor and accomplished singer Mr. Phillips was long popular on the stage; and, more recently, his lectures on music acquired him just celebrity. We hear that it was in attempting to quit a carriage whilst in motion that the fatal calamity befel him. The wheels broke and crushed his limbs in so dreadful a manner that he only survived a very short time. In private life he was an amiable man, and highly respected by all who knew him.

Case of Mrs. Leigh.—An appeal to the public has been made on behalf of this poor lady, late a publisher in the Strand, in which it is stated that she is the daughter of Mr. James Mathews, the eminent bookseller and publisher, who, for upwards of forty years, carried on business in the Strand; and the widow of Mr. Samuel Leigh, who continued the same business for nearly thirty years with credit and success, until most severe and unexpected losses in trade brought him into overwhelming difficulties, under which his health sank, and his premature decease left his family in embarrassed circumstances. Vainly exerting herself

to rise above these misfortunes, Mrs. Leigh, now nearly sixty years of age, has at length been compelled to retire from the scene of her long-continued struggles literally penniless, and in extreme want, having for the last few months endeavoured to support herself by manual labour. A few friends have formed themselves into a committee, with a view to make her distressed circumstances known to "the trade" and the public, and thereby obtain, by subscription, a sum sufficient to purchase for her a small annuity, in which humane endeavour we most earnestly wish them success.

Eton.—Busts of Lord Grenville, Mr. Canning, and Lord North, have been presented to Eton College, where the originals received their education, by the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Canning, and Lord Guildford. This is an excellent example, and will, we trust, be generally followed; for Eton has produced many great men, and we can conceive nothing more interesting or stimulating to the rising generation, their successors, than to have their lineaments constantly in view among the honoured of their native land.

Meteoritic Stones.—A prodigious shower of meteoric stones is described in the continental journals as having fallen on the 10th of August in Russia. From the quantity they seem to have been almost the wreck of a planet.

Lord Alfred Conyngham has had a number of burrows opened in Kent; in which some interesting Celtic and Roman remains have been found.

Mr. Bernard Cavanagh, the fasting-man, has issued an advertisement to say that he "receives company" at a shilling a head. Pretty entertainment to be expected from acknowledged starvation!

A few Far-Westerners by the last Packet.—**A Yankee Gourmand.**—A man returned home one night very late, and rather the worse for liquor; and being hungry withal, he stuck his fork into a bowl of something that his wife had left upon the table before retiring. He worked away with his mouthful very patiently for some time; at length, not being able to masticate what he considered was intended for his supper, he sung out to his wife, "I say, old woman, where did you get your cabbages from? they are so 'nation stringy, I can't chew them." "My gracious!" cried the good lady, "if the stupid feller aint eating up all my caps that I put in starch over-night!"

Absence of Mind.—A doctor in Boston, a short time since, gave one of his patients a piece of paper, and threw the medicine into the fire; nor did he discover his mistake till the sick man began to recover from his illness.

Preparations for War.—An American paper complains, that in salting down horses for victualling the navy, sufficient attention is not paid to the removing the shoes, and that in consequence the teeth of many of the sailors have been pretty considerably injured.

American Artists.—A painter in New Orleans possesses such extraordinary talents, that he can paint a pine-plank, or any other piece of wood, so exactly like marble, that when thrown into the river it will instantly sink to the bottom.

Mercantile Punctuality.—An old gentleman boasted that he had been forty-seven years in business, and never during the whole of that period disappointed but one creditor, and that one only upon a single occasion. "Bless me," replied the person whom he addressed, "what an example for our young mercantile community! Pray, how was that one disappointment

occasioned?" "Why," responded the correct trader, "I paid the debt when it became due; and I never saw a man so astonished in all my life as my creditor was: it was a wonder it didn't throw him into convulsions—for my part, I didn't get over it for some months afterwards."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Remarks on Heaving Down a 72-Gun Ship, by Commander R. Harris, R.N., 4to, 3s. 6d.—Pawsey's Ladies' Fashionable Repository for 1842, 2s. 6d. tuck.—Pawsey's London Diary and Almanack for 1842, 1s.—Bp. Middleton on the Doctrine of the Greek Article, by Rose, new edit. 8vo, 12s.—Ebenzer; or, hitherto hath the Lord helped us, by J. G. Lazarus, 12mo, 5s.—Conformity: a Tale, by Charlotte Elizabeth, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—Parker's Progressive Exercises in English Grammar, Part III., 12mo, 2s. 6d.—The Mirza, by James Morier, Esq., 3 vols. post 8vo, 11. 11s. 6d.—A Help to Catechising, by the Rev. J. Beaven, fcp. 3s.—Every Family's Book of Amusement, 18mo, 3s. 6d.—Mrs. Loudon's Ladies' Flower-Garden or Ornamental Bulbs, 4to, 27. 12s.—A Voyage to India, by the Author of "Charles's Discoveries," sq. 4s.—Le Livre de Mon Fils, 1842, fcp. 4s.—Le Livre de Ma Fille, 1842, fcp. 4s.—The Laws of Landlord, Tenant, and Lodger, by J. Pater, 12mo, 5s.—Thomson's Lessons, with 48 Illustrations, 8vo, 12s.—Christmas Improvement; or, Hunting Mrs. P., 3d edit. sq. 2s. 6d.—Transactions of the Manchester Geological Society, Vol. I. 8vo, 16s. 6d.—Affection's Keepsake for 1842, 32mo, 2s.—The Pantheon, Psalm and Lyric Tunes, by W. Bayley, 1st Series, 8vo, 6s. 6d.—Cousin Natalia's Tales, with Illustrations, by F. Corbux, 18mo, 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured.—Sermons, by the Rev. J. Milner and the Rev. J. Fawcett, 8vo, 12s.—Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions, by C. Mackay, 2 vols. 8vo, 28s.—Statutes, 4 and 5th Vict. and 5th Vict., 8vo, 11s.—The Chess-Player's Chronicle, Vol. I., 8vo, 15s.—Sir W. Scott's Poetry, with 24 Illustrations, 1 vol. 8vo, 11. 11s. 6d.—Lectures in Divinity, by J. Hey, D.D., 3d edit. 2 vols. 8vo, 30s.—Examples of Differential and Integral Calculus collected by D. F. Gregory, 5vo, 15s.—Sporting Architecture, by G. Tattersall, 4to, 11. 11s. 6d.—The Love-Gift for 1842, 32mo, 2s. 6d. cl.; 3s. silk.—Rapiet's First Book of Writing, 18mo, 1s. 6d.—Cecil, a Peer: a Sequel to "Cecil," 3 vols. post 8vo, 11. 11s. 6d.—Blackwood's Standard Novels, Vol. I. Gal's "Annals of the Parish," &c. fcp. 6s.—A Run through the United States, by Lieut. Colonel Maxwell, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.—Woman, with other Poems, by R. Montgomery, 5th edit. fcp. 4s.—The Story of Joseph, by R. M. Evans, sq. 4s. 6d.—De Foe's Works, Vol. XX. (completion), fcp. 5s.—The Squirrels, and other Animals, by G. Waring, sq. 3s. 6d.—Jem Bunt, by the "Old Sailor," 1 vol. 8vo, 14s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1841.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 21	From 34 to 46	29.71 to 30.63
Friday 22	34 to 46	30.01 to 29.85
Saturday 23	36 to 55	29.42 to 29.09
Sunday 24	44 to 52	28.85 to 28.95
Monday 25	38 to 49	28.98 to 29.14
Tuesday 26	31 to 49	29.23 to 29.39
Wednesday 27	43 to 49	29.40 to 29.34

Wind south-west and south-east from the 21st to the 24th, since north and north-east. On the 21st, generally clear; the 22d, morning overcast, afternoon and evening clear; the 23d, generally cloudy, raining frequently during the morning and afternoon; the 24th, morning overcast, with rain, otherwise clear; the 25th, morning foggy, afternoon cloudy, evening clear; the 26th, noon clear, otherwise overcast, raining frequently and heavily during the evening; the 27th, a general overcast, raining frequently during the afternoon and evening, with boisterous wind.

Rain fallen, 2.95 inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude, 51° 37' 32" north.
Longitude, 3° 51' west of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a great number of new publications too late in the week to enable us to give them adequate reviews. Among these are the "Keepsake" and "Book of Beauty" Annuals, James' "Cœur de Lion," Mackay's "Popular Delusions," &c., &c.; so that our present No. must be received as a sort of transition one, preparatory to many novelties.

We shall commence our weekly list of literary and scientific meetings in our next. Mr. King (Carbon and Silicon) deferred for a week; also notice of Anderson and Rogers's steam-carriages in Ireland.

ERRATUM.—In our last, p. 694, line 13, for "Oxford" read "Cambridge."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RICHARD MOSLEY and CO. have for many years paid great attention to the manufacture of METALLIC PENS, and have succeeded in their utmost wish in discovering a mode of giving a great degree of elasticity, which in addition to their durability and anti-corrosive qualities, are found the most superior and economical yet invented. They are made of various degrees of hardness, to suit every description of writer; and are perfectly free from all the inconveniences so often complained of in the use of Metallic Pens.

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AGE.	1st yr.	2d yr.	3d yr.	4th yr.	5th yr.	6th yr.	7th yr.
30	1	6	4	1	7	1	1
35	1	7	1	1	7	1	1
40	1	8	9	1	8	9	1
45	1	9	1	9	1	9	1
50	1	10	1	10	1	10	1
55	1	11	1	11	1	11	1
60	1	12	1	12	1	12	1
65	1	13	1	13	1	13	1
70	1	14	1	14	1	14	1
75	1	15	1	15	1	15	1
80	1	16	1	16	1	16	1
85	1	17	1	17	1	17	1
90	1	18	1	18	1	18	1

Extracts from the Even Rates for Select Lives.

AGE.	1st yr.	2d yr.	3d yr.	4th yr.	5th yr.	6th yr.	7th yr.
30	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
35	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
40	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
45	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
50	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
55	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
60	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
65	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
70	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
75	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
80	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
85	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
90	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

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Age 25.	Age 30.	Age 40.	Age 45.	Age 50.	Age 55.
2 7	2 12	3 5	4 15	5 10	6 18

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Credit Table to assure £100, payable at death.

Age 20.	Age 25.	Age 30.	Age 40.	Age 45.	Age 50.
4 10	4 17	5 3	6 11	7 16	8 3

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LAW LECTURES.—Professor BULLOCK will begin a COURSE OF LECTURES ON CIVIL RIGHTS for the REDRESS OF INJURIES TO PERSONS and PROPERTY, on FRIDAY EVENING, the 12th of November next, at half-past seven o'clock; and he will continue the course every subsequent Tuesday and Friday evening during the academic term, at the same hour. J. LONSDALE, Principal.

King's College, London, Oct. 14, 1841.

MUSICAL ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

—THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of this Society, will, by the liberal permission of the Royal Society of Musicians, be held in their Rooms, No. 12 LISLE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, on MONDAY EVENING next, the 1st of November, at 7 o'clock precisely.

The object of this Society is to print scarce and valuable Musical Works, which, at present, exist only in Manuscript, in separate and detached parts; or which, having been long out of print, are unavailable to those who may wish to possess them.

It is well known that Purcell's Opera, and many of his Odes, are only to be found in Manuscript; that few of the Madrigals and Anthems of Wilbye, Gibbons, Bennett, Weekes, Bateson, Ward, Byrd, Morley, and other eminent composers of the same period, have been reprinted; and the original editions are not only costly, but, being in separate parts, are rarely to be found complete. It is not, however, very creditable to the musical taste and liberality of this country and age, that these and other Works of acknowledged eminence should thus, year by year, be approaching extinction; and it is thought that this Society may accomplish the very desirable object of preserving them, by the means of republication.

The subscriptions are expended in printing such Works as may be decided on by the Committee, and all other expenses avoided as far as possible; the office of Editor, for instance, being in all cases undertaken gratuitously.

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The subscription is 12. annually, for which subscriber receives a copy of each Work printed by the Society.

The Publications of the present year consist of:
A Mass for five Voices, composed for the old Cathedral of Saint Paul, A.D. 1555, by William Byrd; from a copy, supposed to be unique, in the possession of Mr. Chappell. Preceded by a Life of the Composer, and edited by Edw. F. Rimbault, Esq.

The first set of English Madrigals, to three, four, five, and six Voices, newly composed by John Wilbye, 1598. Edited by James Dido, Esq., Organist of Westminster Abbey.

And, as a Second, Arie, composed, A.D. 1675, by Henry Purcell. Edited by G. Alex. Macfarren, Esq., Professor of Harmony at the Royal Academy of Music.

First Set of Madrigals and Motets, of five parts, apt for Viols and Voices, newly composed by Orlando Gibbons, Bachelor of Music, and Organist of His Majesty's Household Chapel in Ordinary, 1612. Edited by Sir George Smart, Organist and Composer to her Majesty's Chapel Royal.

The last-mentioned Work will be issued after the General Meeting, in order that it may contain a printed List of Members up to the 1st of November. The number of Members already exceeds 700.

Subscriptions are received at Chappell's Music Warehouse, No. 59 New Bond Street, where Prospectuses and all particulars may be obtained.

The Treasurer will attend to receive subscriptions an hour before the Meeting.
By order of the Council,
EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, Secretary.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

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